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New Masses

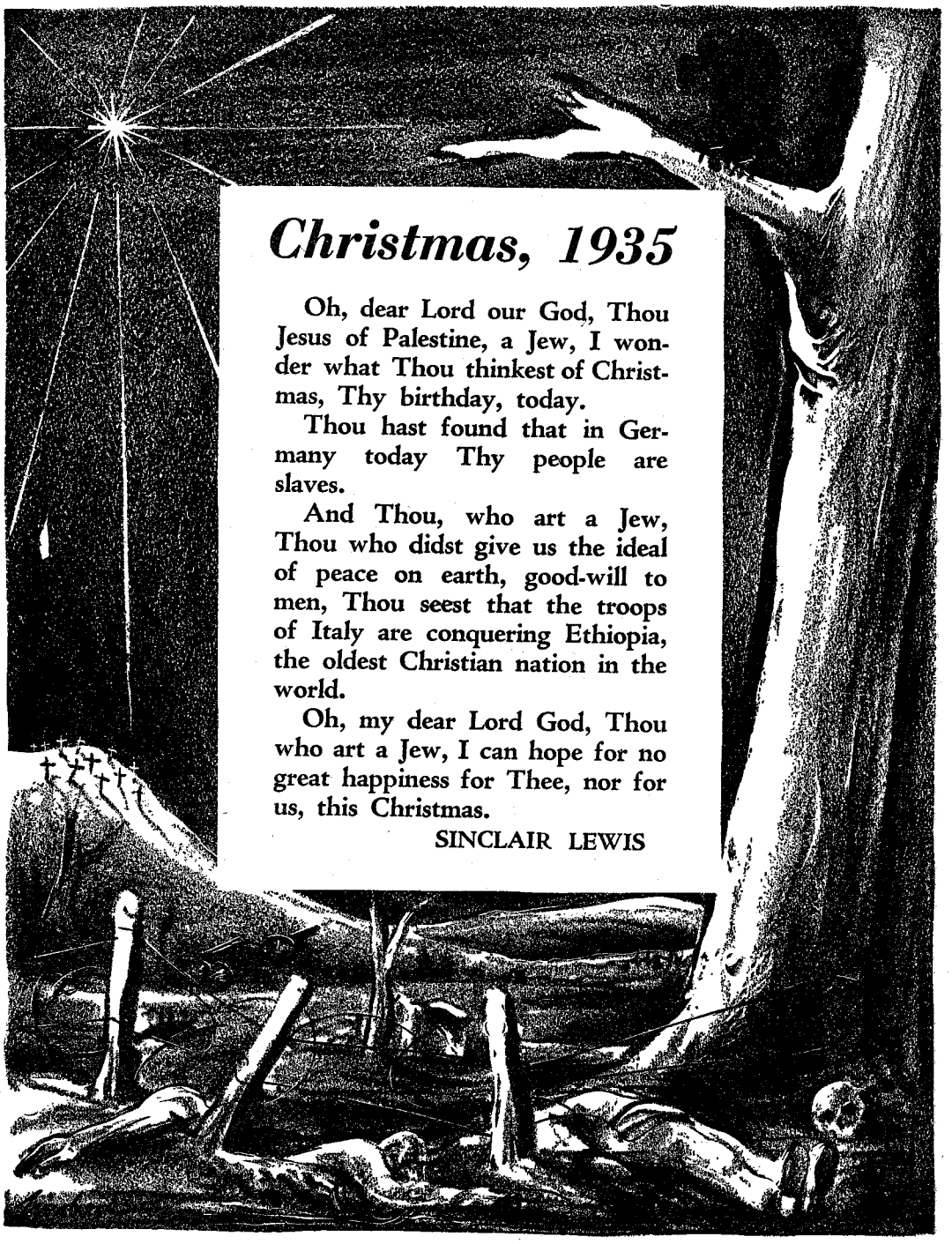
DECEMBER 17, 1935

For a Counter Olympics!

THE brutal cynicism of the Brundage-Sherrill-Walsh clique reduced the convention of the Amateur Athletic Union in New York last weekend to the moral level of a lynch jury. "We'll give the defendant a fair trial and then hang him!" compares favorably with Brundage's "Whatever you decide, an American team will go to the Berlin Olympics!" After three days of discussion by one faction and double-crossing by the other, the convention finally endorsed a cock-eyed resolution in which one eye leers toward Hitler while the other winks piously toward the side of the angels. The Kirby resolution makes no bones about what it thinks of Nazi Germany—how did *that* get by General Sherrill?—and it promptly goes on to deliver into Hitler's custody those "cherished ideals of democratic sport," the enunciation of which constitutes a crime when recited in the Third Reich. After calling on the Olympic Committee for two and a half years to study Nazi infractions of the Olympic code with a view to withdrawal from the Games and after obtaining in answer an unbroken silence, the A. A. U. once again calls on the American Olympic Committee and the International Olympic Committee to "study" the facts. This, after defeating by a margin of two percent the Steuer resolution which would have empowered the organization to arrange an adequate investigation of its own. If these contradictions appear mad, they nonetheless reflect the Brundage method. The formula—will it work in a receivership scandal?—is to acknowledge anything verbally but to drive on toward the objective as if no question as to what the objection is exists.

THE tactics employed in steamrolling the convention leave no illusion of democratic procedure. Analysis of the vote on the various anti-Nazi resolutions indicated solid support by the basic athletic organizations, balked by manipulation of votes allowed to affiliate bodies and the bureaucracy of previous administrations. In recognition of the futility of voting in an organization framed so that a minor influence can throttle 92 percent of the constituents, Judge Mahoney and the anti-Nazi faction abstained from the elections. The election of Brundage placed the whole realm of American sport as at present constituted within the shadow of the swastika.

MEANTIME the fundamental issue has not yet been faced. Regardless of the inadequacy of the Reich's pledges, the failure to observe them is kept beyond official ken. Judge Mahoney has adopted a course which leads in only one direction: a federation of American sportsmen must emerge from the shambles. It can constitute itself as a democratic body representative of the spirit of sport which is so uniquely the domain of youth and the workers. It can take over what is worthwhile in the A.A.U. and gain the support of the A. F. of L. to expand its base by extending recognition. It can set standards of racial and religious tolerance which will drive Sherrill to retirement in an Alabama court. And it can proclaim Counter Olympics to take place in a country to be designated by anti-Nazi sportsmen of the world as a gigantic demonstration of the survival of the essential spirit of sport. The A. A. U. convention exhausted the last parliamentary remedy in the present structure of American sport. Judge Mahoney must either surrender in a minor campaign to boy-



Christmas, 1935

Oh, dear Lord our God, Thou Jesus of Palestine, a Jew, I wonder what Thou thinkest of Christmas, Thy birthday, today.

Thou hast found that in Germany today Thy people are slaves.

And Thou, who art a Jew, Thou who didst give us the ideal of peace on earth, good-will to men, Thou seest that the troops of Italy are conquering Ethiopia, the oldest Christian nation in the world.

Oh, my dear Lord God, Thou who art a Jew, I can hope for no great happiness for Thee, nor for us, this Christmas.

SINCLAIR LEWIS

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cott the Nazi Olympics or he must take the leadership in a movement to remold American sports on a democratic basis.

The Socialists Clear Deck

THE Socialist Party of New York City has been trying to go two ways at once for several years. The Old Guard has been hanging on to the capitalist bandwagon with a frenzy that has allied it alternately with the New Deal and with Hearst. And the so-called "left-wingers," the progressive majority in the party, have been driving toward a more realistic, more socialistic position with reference to the American scene. The internal struggle within the framework of the Socialist Party has been growing steadily. First, the Young People's Socialist League became too "radical" and was expelled from the Party by the Old Guard bureaucracy, which although it had the support of only a minority of the membership, nevertheless managed to dominate the City Central Council. The Thomas-Browder debate at Madison Square brought matters to a head. The Old Guard decided to "reorganize" the New York Party, a reorganization which meant the expulsion of left wingers, including the national leader of the party, Norman Thomas, the suppression of The Socialist Call and the complete dictatorship for the Old Guard bureaucracy. The defenders of "democracy" threw democratic procedure out the window and went ahead without listening to objections.

THE issue became clear: the majority must either buckle down and accept dictatorship of the Socialist Party by allies of Hearst or break with the corrupt leadership, taking over control of the Socialist Party into their own hands. Hence the "split." In reality the "split" consists of the Socialist Party sloughing off those elements which blocked all attempts of the Party to stand for socialism. And the "bolters," led by Norman Thomas, appear to have brought with them the bulk of the active Party members. The final break has thrown consternation into the Old Guard camp. The arch-Red-baiter, Abraham Cahan, tried to consider the withdrawal of the militant elements as "a good-riddance." But the remainder of the Old Guard realize that the loss of membership is leaving them leaders without anyone to lead. They are trying to conciliate the progressives, to reach an "understanding," to patch things up. But the Old Guard remains anti-Socialist, anti-Soviet Union, anti-militant, anti-everything that the Socialist Party ostensibly stands for. The progressives not only receive support from the New York City locals but from State Socialist locals and the national organization. Plans for a meeting in Utica late in December bring promises of attendance from the National office of the Party. The Socialist Party situation has become clearer: the progressives move to the Left, with the rank and file favoring a United Front. The leaders of the progressives still refuse to commit themselves. But having made the initial step toward forming an active Socialist Party, the next step is into the United Front, into realistic and effective fight against war and fascism with all other elements and parties in America pledged to a similar platform.

The Pirates' Ultimatum

AN English king of the Dutch royal house from which President Roosevelt probably traces his dynastic descent once said, speaking of the rising power of the merchants organized in the Hanseatic League: "Give them an inch and they will take an ell." One cannot, of course, expect that a person ignorant of history can learn the lessons of history. Ordinary caution, however, would dictate some reservations in the relations with the group of unashamed buccaneers who hold this country. There are a lot of people, including most of the liberal advisers of the Roosevelt administration, who think that it is possible to kid the piratical crew that runs steel, oil, metal machinery and electrical apparatus manufacturing, metal mining and smelting, etc. Nobody can kid these gentlemen. They want to run the country their way—and they are going to do it if there is not a powerful labor movement to stop them. They think that they are the real rulers of the United States, its national resources and its people. It is impossible to convince them otherwise. You have to lick them. These hardboiled spokesmen for monopoly capital spit in Roosevelt's face the other day during the session of the Manufacturers' Asosociation—although this meeting by no means represents big capital in this country. These were just the smaller boys speaking—but they had their piece written for them.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT sometime ago announced a "breathing spell" for business, that is, for the overlords of industry growing restive under the mildest kind of government restriction on their lucrative activities. This was a gesture in the grand manner. But why should the persons who own the country acept such a slight concession? Just a few days later Secretary Roper announced that the "breathing spell" was permanent. The American Iron and Steel Institute, the National Association of Manufacturers, the Durable Goods Industries have all rejected, with contumely, the good offices of the Roosevelt administration, as reported with considerable glee in the metropolitan press. These people intend to run this country with a government which they control and order around down to the last detail of social relationships. It is, therefore, of the greatest service to working people to make the comparison—and only Communists are doing this today—between the Roosevelt administration and the pre-fascist Bruening government which, with the aid of Social-Democratic leaders, smoothed the way for Hitler. The main political fact in the United States today is that the acknowledged leaders of monopoly capital, having recovered somewhat from fears of a revolt brought on by the crisis, the monopolists whose idea of labor relations was set forth succinctly by R. B. Mellon speaking to a Congressional Committee: "You can't run a coal mine without machine guns," are demanding an unrestricted mandate for government and industry. They are out to get all there is to be got—to run this country and rule its people—"without let or hindrance."

De la Rocque's Mistake

IT WAS no slouch of a bright idea that the Laval-LaRocque team hit upon Dec. 6 when they put up the fascist Ybarnegaray to propose to the unsuspecting Chamber the disarmament of the white guards, on condition, of course, that the Communist and Socialist militants disarm also. It was a noble gesture, calculated to boost the political stock of both the government and the fascists. Unfortunately for them, the Front Populaire deputies quickly recovered from their surprise, with the result that the would-be trappers were caught in their own trap. Laval, who, unlike his silent partner, is no fool, is well aware that his government is

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a pawn in the hands of the Left majority, which can and will bring him down the day it chooses to do so. He is very reluctant to quit, but if he must go he would like to pick the moment and the issue of his exit. He knows, too, that while the parties composing the Front Populaire have so far failed to agree on forming a ministry of their own, they are solidly and resolutely united upon ending the menace of civil war by depriving the leagues which foment it of their weapons. Now, a Left government, were the majority driven to constitute one, would not stop at any half measures. It would smash the Croix de Feu and the other gangs beyond all hope of revival. And this, with the country aroused as it has been since the Limoges shootings, might happen any day. It was therefore prudent not to let it come to that. A politician who was forced to resign power on an issue like that would never be able to stage a comeback. Laval prefers to fall, since fall he must, over the question of rapprochement with Germany, and then blame the Left for having blocked his efforts at the pacification of Europe. He forgets, or he thinks the country has forgotten, that it was a Left foreign minister, Briand, who for ten years labored unceasingly to bring about a Franco-German understanding, until Laval's friends and their reactionary allies across the frontier, by hoisting Hitler to the Chancellorship, made a peaceful solution of the age-old feud between the two countries a forlorn hope.

DE LA ROCQUE, for his part, has at last had it brought home to his slow intelligence that it was none other than he who by his posturings and provocations and the murderous activities of his little boys has united the country behind the Front Populaire and made himself the most hated man in France. Thereupon in what he erroneously calls his mind there germinated an idea. If the Left parties could get together because he talked civil war, why shouldn't they fall apart again if he held out the olive branch? His skull is too thick for him to see that with the C.G.T. and the C.G.T.U. (the Socialist and Communist trade unions) welded into one, and the vast majority of the Radical Socialists sitting around the table with the extreme Left working out a common program, and the mass of the nation calling for an end to the financial feudalism of the two hundred families, it is just a little too late for him to undo the good work he so unintentionally began on February 6, 1934. He judged the intelligence of the opposition by his own; and he convinced himself that not only would the formidable common front which he had brought into existence collapse at his offer, but that the other fascist groups, of whom he is jealous, would be disarmed, whilst his own followers who, he pretends, possess no arms, would emerge as the sole hope of "the nationalist awakening."

BUT his calculations somehow went awry. The Left, instead of walking into the trap, demanded and obtained that the Chamber amend the proposed law in such a way that the disarmament of the leagues becomes a real and effective thing instead of the farce Laval and LaRocque intended to make. Small wonder that the Count-Colonel now rages with disappointment at the proposal of his own tool Ybarnegaray. Meanwhile the bill has gone to the Senate, where the Left has more than a safe majority. La Rocque is now driven to threatening that if the measure is adopted he will loose his armed hordes upon the country. If he tries it, he will find a united nation ready for him. And if he is not bluffing as usual, the Front Populaire may yet decide to take the power at once and, with the authority of the Republic in its grasp, smash the fascist menace once and for all.

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WILLIAM BROWDER, *Business Manager*

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"Hail Ye Heroes, Heav'n Born Band"

"Money isn't everything,"
Says the giant business king.
"I know just how many seeds
Are enough for workers' needs."

"Ruling isn't all in all,"
Says the boss of Capital.
"I'm the ruler who can rule you;
Shut your mouth, you God damn fool, you!"

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS.

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"LET SOMEBODY CUT WHO KNOWS HOW TO CUT!" *Russell T. Limbach*

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Blackmailing Ethiopia

JOHN STRACHEY

LONDON, December 9.

SO Hoare and Laval have made their deal. And if The Herald's Paris correspondent is right about the character of the terms which Mussolini and the Emperor are to be asked to accept, it is an exceedingly dirty deal. Between a quarter and half of Ethiopia, it is suggested, is to be given Italy. Yet somehow or other this is to be represented as a triumph for the League. I have been informed over the week-end that the British government was now confident of being able to bring Mussolini to terms. And indeed if these are the terms it is very possible that he will accept them. In fact they seem to me to represent a heaven-sent get out for him.

If he refuses them, it can only mean that his internal situation is so bad that he literally dare not stop the war. If he accepts them then the process of blackmailing the Emperor will begin. He will be told that unless he accepts them all League pressure will be withdrawn from Italy and Ethiopia may even be named as the aggressor and sanctions applied against her. It remains to be seen, however, if even so the Emperor will or can agree to give away two of his provinces. In his present apparently favorable military situation, and after the horror of the Italian bombing of the last few days (which while it seems to have done almost no military damage must have raised Ethiopian resentment to fever point), the Emperor may easily risk dethronement if he accepts.

It is indeed a pretty business. The British government, I am told, intends to admit that the deal may not be very savory but that it is worthwhile "for the sake of peace." Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues are suddenly to come out as advocates of a peace at any price policy and so no doubt they are, so long as somebody else has to pay the price.

Events will now move swiftly one way or another. If Mussolini refuses the terms then I am inclined to think that oil sanctions really will be applied. I fancy that this is part of the bargain with Laval. In this case, the British government will go all out on a policy which I understand the Foreign Office in particular has all along favored. They will deliberately push matters to the point of bringing Mussolini down. They will then attempt acting with France to set up a puppet, liberal, parliamentary government in Rome and then prop it up with a big Anglo-French or possibly League loan.

Italy would then become a sort of Anglo-French colony, a wholly dependent state. She would cease to be a knight or a bishop on the European chessboard and become a mere pawn moved about by England and France at their will. They would use her either to cement an anti-German front if that at the moment was the British-French line, or more probably, I fear, to help reconstruct the League on the basis of a deal with Hitler, freeing his hands to go East and attack the Soviet Union.

But this is all in the somewhat unlikely event of Mussolini refusing. If Mussolini accepts, then the next move is with the Emperor. If the Emperor refuses, then an issue of the first importance for everyone of us will arise. It will be vital to expose the nature of the government's game by every means in our power. It will be vital to create such a strong public feeling in this country that it will be impossible for the British government to agree to the withdrawal of sanctions from Italy or to imposing them on Ethiopia. And in this matter, public opinion may, I believe, be decisive. I am informed that the one thing the British government is not prepared to face is a total discrediting of the League of Nations. For the Cabinet does realize that if it allows the League to be finally wrecked it may find itself with not a single ally or friend left in Europe or in the world, facing in ignominious isolation the menace of a rearmed Germany. Hence, if it can be made perfectly clear that the whole world will take the coercion of Ethiopia and the support of Italy as the final downfall of the League, if we can show that without a shadow of doubt such a development would mean that the League had turned into an organization for giving premiums to the aggressor, we can make it exceedingly difficult for the government to agree to a surrender to Mussolini at Geneva.

Now for the third alternative. If the Emperor is forced and is able to accept, this will in some ways be the most difficult and delicate situation. The League of Nations will then be faced with the joint request of Great Britain and France to endorse a settlement which has been agreed to by both of the disputants. In such circumstances, it is difficult to see how any member of the League will be able to reject the settlement. We can of course rely on M. Litvinov speaking for the Soviet Union to point out the character of the deal which has been come to and to show that Ethiopia has agreed to it only under pressure. But I do not see how in such circumstances even the Soviet Union can in the end refuse to accept the settlement, though of course under protest.

So much for today's news. Meanwhile, the complex battle between the forces in British public life making for peace and a pro-League, pro-France-Soviet-Pact policy and the forces making for war and a pro-Nazi policy goes on with great intensity. The pro-German forces made a big bid to influence British opinion by bringing over a German association-football team with ten thousand German supporters the other day. They were enabled to stage this flagrant bit of political propaganda which had about as much to do with sport as I have with collecting white mice, by the presence at the British Home Office of Sir John Simon, the most pro-German member of the Cabinet. Gallagher, the newly-elected Communist M.P., in his maiden speech in Parliament last week, aptly called Simon "Hitler's man Friday." Backed by the pro-German press in this country which now includes both the Rothermere and the Beaverbrook chains, this propaganda no doubt had some effect. This effect was, however, I am glad to say, considerably marred by the protest of the Trades Union Congress speaking in the name of the whole of the organized working class and also by the fact, widely reported in the Left press, that the ten thousand football fans went back to Germany laden with the butter which they cannot now buy at home.

The countermove by the pro-peace, pro-League forces in this country was made over the week-end in a large and very successful congress of peace and friendship with the Soviet Union. This was a very broad affair. There was a Conservative member of Parliament, Mr. Robert Boothby, in the chair at the first session on Saturday and the conference was addressed by Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Seymour Cox, a prominent Labor M.P., Lord Allen of Hurtwood, a National Labor peer and Mr. Marshall, an important British industrialist who does a big trade in electrical goods with the Soviet Union. Otto Schmidt, the great explorer, has come over for the conference and his superb, bearded presence is creating a considerable effect in London.

At the second session of the conference, Sydney Webb led off with a brilliant exposition of the economic system of the Soviet Union. Moreover, the Webbs' newly-published magnum opus, *Soviet Communism—A New Civilization,* is itself an important factor in the struggle. It is a magnificent work which in a sense supersedes all other descriptions of the Soviet Union. It should mark a new era in public comprehension in the English-speaking world of what the Russian people are doing. Its publication definitely makes anti-Soviet propaganda and misrepresentation more difficult. The rage of the anti-Soviet reviewers of the book in this country is the best testimony of this fact.

These cable dispatches by John Strachey appear each week in THE NEW MASSES.

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"La Madama Smiles"

JOHN L. SPIVAK

Vienna, Nov. 8.

THE bespectacled stout gentleman at the adjoining table in the dining car of the Rome Express watched my difficulties with the waiter.

"May I help?" he offered with a traveling salesman-like cheerfulness. "Journalist, eh? I've seen lots of you fellows. On your way to Eritrea?"

"No; just looking over conditions in Italy."

He smiled benignly.

"Beautiful country," he said, looking at the mountains through which we were passing.

"Are you familiar with Italy?"

"Lived here twenty-five years," he smiled. "I'm with the Canadian Pacific Railway."

"How are things here?"

We were alone in the dining car, yet he turned around apprehensively.

"Oh, all right, I guess," he said shortly.

The conversation drifted to the war.

"How do the people feel about it?" I asked.

The good-natured twinkle in his eyes vanished. He kept turning his head, glancing up and down the car.

"Beautiful scenery here," he said, pointing to an ancient castle on a mountain top.

I thought he had not heard me, so I repeated the question.

"I always advise foreigners to drink table water. With the exception of a few cities, the water is not—"

"What's the matter? Don't you want to talk about it?" I laughed.

"Well," he said in a low tone, his glance nervously taking in the empty dining car. "It is better not to talk."

IN Rome early one rainy morning when no one but the porter at my hotel was puttering about in the recesses of the dark lobby, the reception clerk joined me in the doorway, apologetic because sunny Italy was having such terrible weather.

"How are things?" I asked after a few minutes desultory conversation.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Not so good. Italy is very poor. The misery is very great."

"How do the people feel about their misery?"

"What can they do? They hope for a better day," he said with another shrug.

"Are they satisfied with the way the fascists are running things?"

As though I had touched a spring, his head turned quickly with a nervous glance in all directions.

"I must make out my bills," he said apologetically. "Excuse me, please."

Wherever I went people turned their heads apprehensively the moment the conversation touched on their's or the people's attitude towards conditions and the regime. They were willing to talk of their poverty and their hunger, but the moment the question was on their reaction to these conditions they changed color, stammered, looked about in a fear so genuine that often I took pity on them and changed the subject. When I persisted they found an excuse to leave. Some talked, in the privacy of their homes or at an isolated table in some cafe, but always turning their heads every few minutes to make sure no one could hear what they were saying.

"The bats are everywhere," bolder spirits would tell me, leaning close so that it was a frightened whisper. "There are two thousand spies in Rome alone besides the bats, and if you talk, then one day La Madama smiles upon you—"

"Bats? The lady smiles—?" I repeated, puzzled.

"Bats are black—like the blackshirts; and they penetrate into the darkest holes. The people have called them that for years. And La Madama—ah, they always smile when they come to take you. They are always polite with the sweetness of the Borgias."

I understood. "And what happens when La Madama smiles?"

Again that quick turning of the head.

"Prison. Dungeons. Maybe worse. Here in Rome, people in the street, professors, scientists—La Madama smiled on them. No one knows what happened to them. One day you go for a walk. Your wife waits at home with the macaroni and the veal, but you do not come. She waits all night and in the morning rushes to the police; but the police, ah! they know nothing. No. Nothing. A bat has heard him whisper and—La Madama smiled."

"Upon how many has La Madama smiled?"

"Only La Madama knows—and her secrets are buried deeper than the deepest dungeons in Civita Vecchia."

I had seen that ancient prison at Civita Vecchia where those upon whom La Madama smiled are kept. Facing the Tyrrhenian Sea it is a fortress and a dungeon used by the ancient popes for their enemies. Foreigners, especially journalists, are not permitted to enter its threatening precincts, but the people of Civita Vecchia tell tales they have heard of the dampness and the trickling water, of the utter isolation in which prisoners are kept, especially those upon whom La Madama smiled.

"Never can they talk," say the people of Civita Vecchia. "No. Not even to those in the same cell with them. Silence is there. Always silence; and so deep are they that they cannot hear even the waves or the screams of the gulls."

"And if they talk?"

"Then they live alone in darkness and eat only bread and water."

CORRESPONDENTS cannot see officials unless the Ministry of Press and Propaganda arranges the appointment. Italy wants to know where and to whom the correspondents go. At the Ministry, Signior Bosio, specially placed there by the Foreign Office to see that foreign correspondents have their ways properly smoothed, smiled suavely when I asked him why the people are afraid to talk

"Nonsense! Look at our Italian people. Smiling. Cheerful, despite the fact that we are a poor country."

"I am told that people are arrested and spirited away. Workers have been arrested for striking—"

"There are no strikes in Italy," he assured me. I had heard that before from the heads of the Confederation of Labor, of Industry, as well as from individual workers who know only what they read. "It is against the law. Such reports are simply anti-fascist propaganda."

"I'd like to study your laws, the changes made since fascism," I said. "Could you arrange an appointment with the Ministry of Justice?"

It was arranged immediately. I telephoned Odon Por, Rome correspondent for The London Financial News, and asked whether he would accompany me as translator. Por was delighted. He was close to officials in the propaganda ministry, had written a book on fascism and was quite interested in the welfare of the people. "I am a revolutionist," he said one day. "I used to be a Socialist. I worked with Mussolini in the old days. But now I am a fascist; I believe in fascism though I am not a party member." Por was very kind to me. From the minute Signior Nasti in the propaganda department had introduced us the first day I appeared, Por neglected his own work to be with me at every possible moment.

At the appointed hour we were ushered into a gorgeous chamber where the Minister's secretary sat behind an enormous desk. I was greeted like a millionaire uncle from Australia.

"I will introduce you to Judge Guiseppe Lampis. He is one of the greatest judges in all Italy, a profound man, a scholar, a fearless interpreter of the law—"

Judge Lampis, a bustling though scholarly-looking man close to sixty came in, stopped

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in the doorway, clicked his heels and raised a hand high in the fascist salute. Then we were bowed into his office.

"Presumably," I began, "all opposition to fascism is illegal. But since no state runs smoothly, I wonder how large is the opposition to the state today?"

Judge Lampis lost his cheerful and friendly smile. A startled look appeared in his eyes.

"I—I—I really can't say," he stuttered.

"There is opposition to the fascist regime, isn't there?"

His face got a shade paler.

"It—it—well—really—it is something I know nothing about. Really—I—"

"What happened to individuals who opposed fascism when it first took power?"

The great, profound and fearless interpreter of modern Italy's justice cracked the knuckles of his fingers and turned helplessly to the bronze bust of Mussolini resting on a pedestal on his desk.

"I don't know," he said miserably. "I—I—I'm really not competent to answer."

"You are one of the biggest judges in Italy, one of the powers in the Ministry of Justice and you do not know the answers to these elementary questions?" I asked a little incredulously.

"Really—I don't know." He squirmed in his chair, motioning helplessly with his hands.

"Surely you know that there are political prisoners in Italy?"

HIS face went white. He tried to say something but the words simply would not come from his half-open mouth. I really felt sorry for him.

"Very well. You do not know. Can you tell me where I can find out? Who knows about these things?"

"I don't know. Those things are of a political nature. I was told you wanted to learn about how we reorganized the laws, made them more liberal so the people can benefit—"

"I'm learning — rapidly," I assured him. "Doesn't the Ministry of Justice handle the cases of those who violate the laws, especially those dealing with political matters?"

"No," he said with relief. "It is the work of the Special Tribunal."

"And the work of this Special Tribunal has nothing to do with the Ministry of Justice? Doesn't this Ministry have any idea of how just the Tribunal's activities are?"

"No," he said in a low voice.

"All right. Where is this body?"

"I don't know," he said, his eyes avoiding mine.

I turned to Por whose dark face had turned a little pale at my questions. He had not suspected what questions I would ask.

"What's the matter with this man? The Special Tribunal is supposed to be a public body. Why is he so terrified? Better ask him where we can find this mysterious body before this learned pillar of Justice caves in completely."

Por asked, hemming and hawing and apologizing.

"He says he doesn't know."

"Very well. Let's go to the Fascist Party headquarters."

"They are not supposed to talk to you unless you bring them a letter from the Ministry of Press and Propaganda.

"Let's see if they're afraid to talk, too."

At the headquarters of the Fascist Party we were shown in to Prof. Ernesto Lama, head of the foreign department of the Party and who, on the side, teaches economics at the University of Rome.

"I should like to find out a few things about the Special Tribunal," I began.

The smile with which he had received me vanished.

"Why?" he demanded.

"Because I want to know. It's a public tribunal, isn't it? Then why all this mystery about it? Why does everyone turn pale when I even mention it?"

"There are other things to study," he suggested mildly.

"I've studied other things. Now I should like to study this. If there are any objections, tell me."

"It is a body dealing with enemies of the state," he said grimly.

"That's okay by me. What I want to know is how they deal with them and why people are so scared to breathe its name."

He stared thoughtfully at the ceiling.

"Why didn't you ask the Ministry of Press and Propaganda?"

"Because when I ask questions about matters which they apparently want to hide they sabotage my requests. I have asked for such appointments and they keep postponing and postponing them until it looks like I'll have to stay here for months before those appointments are arranged. I'm tired of dealing with the Ministry of Press and Propaganda. The press outside of Italy occasionally carries stories about the doings of this Special Tribunal, stories which might be greatly exaggerated. How can I check on them if I don't go to the head of it and let him either admit or deny them?"

Prof. Lama looked at me shrewdly with the trace of a smile on his lips and shook his head slowly.

"If an appointment is not arranged for me immediately," I added slowly, "then I shall be forced to conclude that things are even worse than foreign reports have them."

He turned to the telephone, called a number and talked for a few minutes.

"The president of the Special Tribunal will receive you at six this evening," he said when he finished. He looked at Por and added softly, "You will go with him?"

Por nodded his head uncomfortably.

The headquarters of La Madama Borgia is in a vast building facing the Tiber River. There was one lamp at the corner of the quay shining weakly in the drizzling rain and shrouding the whole area with an air of mystery and darkness. When we showed up and entered the wide gateway four state police silently surrounded us.

"Appointment with Il Presidente," said Por quickly.

THE police handed us over to two soldiers; we walked in the half darkness to an anteroom to write our names on a slip of paper. I could see the glitter of gold braid and the glint of swords in dark recesses where more guards stood silent and immobile. La Madama is well guarded.

In a few moments another soldier appeared as though from nowhere and motioned to us without a word. We followed him through dimly lighted corridors, our footsteps muffled by thick rugs. Everywhere we turned we were confronted with soldiers standing silent in little antechambers about the size of small clothes closets and half hidden by heavy portiers. Suddenly we stepped into a large and brilliantly lighted reception room and while our eyes were trying to get used to the bright glare a wraith appeared from nowhere, a handsome young man in the most gorgeous uniform I had yet seen in a land that has more uniforms than a mile-long centipede has legs. The walls seemed to be solid, but you looked and there was this figure, gold braid glistening, his right arm raised in the fascist salute.

"Please." The wraith spoke and bowed us to another anteroom before which stood four soldiers, still as marble statues. We crossed the threshold and instantly the door closed, there was a sliding of brass rings and thick, heavy drapes came together over the door. This unexpected sound in that spooky silence in which wraiths appeared and disappeared was startling. Both of us turned quickly, but the figure had vanished. The room was still as a tomb.

Por's swarthy face had turned a slightly greenish hue.

"What the hell is this!" I exclaimed irritably. "A movie scene?"

Por motioned with his hand and I almost jumped, expecting at least some dancing skeletons or a white-sheeted visitor, but my translator was simply trying to say something and couldn't get the words out of his mouth. He looked haggard and looking at him and knowing that he must have heard many more tales about the smiles that La Madama gives, I began to wonder whether I shouldn't have left word at the American Embassy as to where I was going. As things stood, not a soul in the world who might be of help in a pinch knew where I was. Thoughts of people who had vanished kept flashing through my mind; and suddenly, the fact that I too was beginning to feel a funny feeling in the pit of my stomach struck me as being very funny and I plumped into a red plush chair with a peal of laughter that

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must have been heard beyond the thick portiers and the door.

My unexpected laughter startled poor Por and he literally jumped.

"Don't," he whispered. "This isn't funny."

"Stop whispering," I snapped. "This place probably has more dictaphones than a jail has bars."

And as suddenly as we had been locked in, the portiers slid back, the door opened and the wraith in uniform appeared, its hand again raised in salute. It bowed us to a nearby open door.

"Il Presidente," it said and vanished.

The head of the Special Tribunal for the Defense of the State, to give him his full title, is His Excellency and Member of Parliament, Lieutenant General and Advocate Tringali-Casanova. He rose to greet us from behind a great oak desk upon which rested the always present bust of Mussolini, a fancy blotter and a dozen buttons to summon assistants (or maybe assistance). He is a middle-aged man with a determined jaw and the build and air of a wrestler. As we shook hands our eyes met and his deep, dark ones were the coldest I had ever seen. What I assumed was supposed to be a pleasant smile of welcome resembled the puckered lips of a toothless old man.

"Please." He motioned to two chairs and spread his hands upon the desk near the push buttons. I had a feeling that the director of the ladies who smile lived in constant fear that someone would smile at him.

"Yes?" He raised his eyebrows questioningly.

"First, what is the Special Tribunal and how does it work?"

A frown spread swiftly over his forehead. He turned to Por.

"It would be better if the questions were left with me. I will answer them and we can discuss the answers tomorrow."

"That would be all right normally," I objected, "but I'm afraid I'll get no answers."

Stringali-Casanova smiled that thin, puckered smile and shrugged his shoulders.

"I would like to see the questions first," he insisted quietly.

IT TOOK an hour to translate them, during which the head of the ladies who smile did not look at me. As question after question was written he reached for it and as he read the frown on his forehead grew until it resembled a gathering storm. Twice he picked up the paper on which we had written our names, studied it carefully and returned to the questions. When he came to one stating that news dispatches smuggled out of Italy reported the arrest of workers for speaking at union meetings against the series of cuts instituted in 1930 he puckered his lips sharply and shook his head, calling my attention to it.

"It is not true?"

"No, no," he said emphatically.

"How about workers arrested for striking in the Caltanissetta sulphur mines against conditions and the launching of the Abyssinian war?"

The frown on his forehead grew ominous. Por shifted uneasily in his chair.

"Strikes? There are no strikes in Italy," said Il Presidente.

"But your prisons are full — Ventotene, Poggio Reale, Civita Vecchia—"

His eyes bored into me. Suddenly he turned to Por and spoke rapidly in Italian.

"His Excellency wants to know where you get your information."

"From exiles who are in close touch with the underground movement in Italy—"

"Which exiles?"

I looked at him and smiled. Stringali-Casanova bowed his head slightly and puckered his lips.

"His Excellency now wants to know what else you know?"

"I have no objection to telling him. I know that the Special Tribunal sentenced over 2,000 persons to long prison terms between 1927 and 1932; that thousands of others were given smaller sentences by the provincial courts—just how many I do not know. All I know is that the prisons are full. In 1933 the Tribunal sentenced men of note like Professor Luigi Salvatorelli, Cosmo, the artist Carlo Levi, the lawyer Verrati—I have a long list of those sentenced but it is very incomplete. Shall I run off the names that I have and the prisons where they are confined?"

"No. It is not necessary. But these questions I must study before I answer them."

"That means then that they will not be answered."

"There have been no strikes," Il Presidente insisted. "It is illegal."

He looked calmly at me with his cold eyes and puckered his lips.

"There have been 153 strikes and two lockouts between 1926 when the law forbidding them went into effect and 1933. Since then the record of strikes and peasant rebellions like the recent one around Calabria are guarded more jealously than state secrets."

"You are mistaken," said Il Presidente. "There have been no strikes."

I took a sheet of paper from my pocket.

"In 1926, the year they were outlawed, there were six strikes. In 1927 there were nine; in 1928—twenty-four and one lockout; 1929—twenty-nine strikes and one lockout; 1930 — thirty-nine strikes; 1931 — thirty strikes; 1932 — nine; 1933 — seven. These strikes occurred both in industry and agriculture—"

"Where did you get that list?" Il Presidente demanded, his face an angry red.

"It's from the official records at the Confederation of Industry—the union of all industrial employers as Your Excellency knows."

"Who gave it to you!" The words were now coming with the rapidity of a machine-gun.

"Pirelli, the great Italian industrialist and vice-president of the Confederation of Industry, denied the existence of strikes when I saw him. He turned me over to the Confederation's chief statistician for data I requested. Among my written questions was one on strikes."

I offered Il Presidente the official list of strikes on Confederation of Industry stationery. He studied it, the jaw-bone muscles clenched.

"May I have this?" he asked.

"Certainly. I have another"—he looked sharply at me—"and a third copy was mailed to America over a week ago. Just in case these were lost," I added assuringly.

He looked at me and smiled.

"These questions," he repeated. "I must study them."

POR was silent until we reached the street.

"Why didn't you tell me you had that list?" he asked in a worried voice.

"I didn't think you'd be interested."

We walked along silently. "I need a drink," he said suddenly. "I am not a drinking man."

"Yes, I know," I said sympathetically.

We drank our cognac in silence.

"Someone is going to lose his head for that," he said in a low voice.

"Nonsense," I assured him. "Why you yourself have been telling me repeatedly that there is no fear in this country."

He did not answer. We walked out into the drizzle on the glistening street. "I shouldn't have gone with you," he said as though talking to himself.

"Why not? Do you think La Madama's going to smile on you for taking me there?"

He shot me a swift glance and walked along glumly.

"I must go," he said abruptly. He shook my hand, tried to smile and walked off, his head deep in the collar of his rain-coat.

I stood on the corner staring after him. Everybody is for fascism in Italy. See the vast demonstrations at the Palazzo Venezia. The people are walking about, laughing, talking. There is no fear in Italy. Yet, men walk out of their homes and vanish in broad daylight. The prisons are filled with those who did not turn their heads when they whispered and in ancient dungeons men and women are rotting or slowly going mad in the deathly silence. Not a sound comes from those entombed to tell of what happened to them.

Only La Madama knows and her smile is as inscrutable as the Borgias.

(John L. Spivak's next article, "Il Duce's Labor Racket," will appear next week.)

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The Guild Cracks Down

MARGUERITE YOUNG

WASHINGTON.

ADD to Hugh S. Johnson's official decorations. Beside the ranks and titles bestowed upon him by his colleagues, the lords of war and industry and politics, union labor has just pinned a new badge—"Strikebreaker." The Washington Newspaper Guild, zestfully inscribed the word across an application card presented by General-Lawyer-Manufacturer Johnson, who offered himself as a columnist. After "Strikebreaker," the newswriters' union wrote: "Rejected."

You'd think General Johnson would have known better than to try. Apparently he forgot the case of Mussolini. A decade or more ago, Il Duce was rebuffed by the National Press Club, which is not even a union but rather an aggregation of journalists and near-journalists decidedly on the aristocratic side of the profession. One of its members, news-reeling Mussolini in Rome, casually suggested that he become an honorary member. Good enough, thought Mussolini, fresh from the Matteoti job. Was not Mussolini a "journalist?" The Press Club's Board of Directors blandly proceeded to nominate him. But no sooner had notice and a cable of congratulations been posted than members' signatures began to go down under a protest. It charged Mussolini with destroying freedom of the press, confiscating dissident newspapers and driving unrepentant American correspondents from Italy. Under the fire of a protest meeting, the National Press Club's officers withdrew their nominee.

There was a suggestion of withdrawing Johnson too, even of giving him a chance to do so privately. But the Guild is not the Press Club. It is a union. It endorsed the position that such a procedure would be granting "special privilege" to Johnson, who'd had too much already.

That was the nub of the argument, really. Should we turn him down at once or postpone action? Defenders, the General had none. Which is not to say he lacked supporters. Sixteen of them, including the presiding officer, were determined to at least delay action. Thus was precipitated the fireworks that reverberated through the building and must have echoed across the street, against the mammoth Department of Commerce where N.R.A. Administrator Johnson once so coyly and callously, by turns, repulsed American Newspaper Guild delegates who went to him expecting justice.

The Chair ruled out of order my minority report on the eligibility of General Johnson. It was a written report by a minority of a subcommittee appointed by the Guild Executive Committee a few days earlier. The subcommittee majority, Kenneth Crawford of The New York Post, Johnson's sponsor, and William Neal, of Hearst's I. N. S., had offered a brief verbal statement that the application was in order, but that the correspondents' unit proposed, by vote of ten to five, that it be returned to the General's sponsor.

By this time grins were fading. It looked like a serious session. Especially when Robert Buck, former vice president of the national Guild, appealed from the Chair's ruling and was overwhelmingly sustained.

A Washington Post reporter rose, yelled, "Let's keep this out of the papers. Why give General Johnson a black eye?" To which a chorus; "He has several now, and is going to get more." It turned out tough for the would-be censor; his motion, when finally allowed, was to be howled down amidst derisive, "Don't be sissies"; and his own paper was to page-one the event under the ironic headline: "General Johnson, the Journalist, Barred by Newspaper Guild."

There was plenty of spirit on both sides. Rodney Dutcher of the N. E. A. kept rising, patting his ponderous tummy and inquiring: "Mr. Chairman, does the constitution allow me to vote against a man because he turns my stomach?" There was a little photographer who would bawl from the front row: "Let's throw him out and go home!" and someone insistently demanding from an amen corner, "Mr. Chairman, can't we dispose of Johnson and talk about newspaper men?" Toward the end, Nathan Robertson of the Associated Press broke in with a shout for Johnson: "This is a lynching party!" It drew serious answer. Without mentioning Johnson's own true lynch suggestions for breaking the mighty San Francisco strike, a Guildsman replied that the exclusion of Johnson was being proposed strictly under the Guild constitution.

The minority report found Johnson unquestionably ineligible under the constitutional clause which provides exclusion of anyone "whose interests are deemed to lie with the employer as against the interests of the employes."

"This clause, when applied to measure the acceptability of the average working newspaper rank and filer, the overwhelming number of applicants, must be interpreted to refer strictly to the economic relationship between the applicant and his publisher," the report emphasized. ". . . As a normal thing, we must not 'go behind' this relationship to question what any applicant thinks, believes in, or stands for. . . . Decidedly, to do so, would be to violate the clause . . . forbidding discrimination for sex, race, or religious or political convictions. . . . But the application before us is something else again. . . . [General Johnson] is no more a working newspaper man, whose interests lie with the employes, than was Calvin Coolidge when he was simultaneously a 'columnist' and a director of an insurance corporation, the latter largely because he was still something else, an ex-President. He is no more a working newspaper man, whose interests lie with the workers, than was Roy Howard on such a day as the one on which he took over Heywood Broun's column to do a little sabre-rattling at the Japanese."

Should Johnson's "boss" fire him, the report continued, he would not be up against it as would a newspaperman, even so prominent a columnist as President Broun. For Johnson has singular other interests, corporate and financial, which guarantee his economic security and actually far outweigh his superficial and temporary status as a "columnist." Thus the report insisted upon examining Johnson's financial tie with Bernard Baruch and others, as well as his record, especially his record during the time when he was simultaneously a columnist and W.P.A. Administrator for New York City. The report remarked that W.P.A. Administrator-Columnist Johnson denied workers including newspaper men the right to organize; refused to recognize representatives of organized unemployed including newspaper men; denied the right of workers including newspaper men to strike and receive relief while on strike; and, by acquiescing in the "security wage" program directly flouted the basic purpose of the Guild, "to advance the economic well-being of its members, to guarantee greater economic security for its employed and unemployed."

THE NEW MASSES of May 15, 1934, was held open at Anne Allen Barten's story about Lee Fabrics. This was quite a lump to swallow, especially when the accompanying life-like caricature, visible from every corner of the room, drew cheers and guffaws. The minority, finally, found Johnson "one of the most notorious strikebreakers in the United States."

Buck detailed the headaches Johnson gave the Guild, in terms of run-around, even before the Jennings case. The general debate developed Johnson's "gum-shoe squad" tactics against W.P.A. workers. Someone quoted his "Go to hell!" to inquiries; an old man from an A. F. of L. journal kept muttering it over aloud. Nobody could get around, either, Johnson's job against the San Francisco strike, especially since that job was done in direct cooperation with publishers.

The vote for the minority report: 31-16. The vote on rejecting the application at once, the same. Against reconsideration, the same. Three wallops. Three cheers!

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Fred Bass and the Norman Case

BRUCE MINTON

ORLANDO, FLA.

THE day after I arrived in Orlando, the welcoming committee of the Chamber of Commerce bid me feel at home. She was a pleasant, garrulous old lady who offered to connect me with the best churches and clubs and introduce me to some of the city's "better elements."

"That's very nice," I said. "I would like to get in touch with a Mr. Fred Bass. I understand he is quite prominent around here."

"Oh, *very,*" she exclaimed. "Fred Bass is one of our most outstanding figures. He wears one of those hats that Irvin Cobb made so popular — ten-gallon hats I think they call them. He's a great big man, well over six feet and weighs close to two hundred pounds. He'll be glad to see you. He's glad to see anyone. We call him 'Rough and Ready Bass' in Orlando—" she giggled —"because he's always ready to do anything."

With this introduction, I admit Fred Bass' office disappointed me. I expected at least a mahogany desk and numerous filing cabinets. But the great man's headquarters are rather dismal; he sits in Pete the Tailor's shop, behind a screen of flannel, serge, herring-bone and worsted suitings. In this alcove Fred Bass receives the endless procession of satelites. And in turn, they learn what Fred Bass has in mind for them. For Fred Bass is something of a power in Orlando. He's Kleagle of the Klan. He's chairman of the Americanization Committee of the American Legion. And he has also earned the title of Red-baiter extraordinary, of terrorist par excellence, of petty politician and would-be office holder, of master whipper and expert bully.

When I arrived at the tailor shop, Mr. Bass' voice filled the room with loud commands to his lieutenants to hurry up and get things organized—whether for the American Legion or the Klan I did not learn. Finally, he summoned me behind the screen. At his elbow rested the hat, Fred Bass' symbol of power, tannish grey with a thin, neat band round it. We shook hands; Mr. Bass, an immense man who evidently is the local fashion plate when it comes to gaudy shirts, looked down at me through quiet pig-eyes. His jowls sagged under his jaw and the whole meaty countenance glowed with the high color of a heavy eater.

"I'm a journalist, Mr. Bass," I said. "I'm trying to get material on the local situation. I know you are pretty much in touch with things and I thought you could help me out on a few points."

Mr. Bass rubbed his nose. "Well, now," he said. "I'm hardly the man—"

"That's very modest, Mr. Bass. But anything you can tell me—perhaps some information on the Klan?"

He tilted back in the chair, shoving his hands into his pockets. "You fellers up No'th got the wrong idea about the Klan," he began. "I'm Kleagle in these parts. You fellers think we're sort of against the other guy's religion. That ain't a bit true. I can say honestly that some of my closest associates, people I admire more 'n I do many others, are Jews and Catholics. Yes, suh, I can say that. 'Course, no one's goin' to stand for a Catholic bein' President of this great country. Y'see, the Pope, he's plannin' to move to Washington in that case. That's the danger. You fellers up No'th don't know these things, any more'n you know that all a nigger wants is t'sleep with a white woman. That's his life's ambition. Not a thing else—only to get a white woman. And they know what that means if they're caught."

"That sounds pretty progressive," I said. "Aren't you the chairman of the Americanization Committee too, Mr. Bass?"

He nodded, pleased. "Yes, suh. I considers that our most important work. We're out for the Reds. They threaten the whole South. Thousands of 'em—" he stretched his arms wide. "Y'know, this might seem hard to believe, but they wanted ten dollars a week relief. *Ten dollars* — yes suh, and Uncle Sam was to foot the bill. That's the God's own truth." He leaned forward, very intent. "I'm the one that broke 'em up. I can say that honestly. I broke up the Unemployment Council and anyone in Orlando can tell you Fred Bass gets the credit."

"I suppose that's a feather in your hat. What about this stuff I hear about the Klan taking care of morals?"

"Well," Mr. Bass relaxed, studying his shoes. "We believe in decent living. Anyone who can't live like a person should, we see to it they learn. That's if they're Klan members. Otherwise, we bring a little pressure on the police. The sheriff knows any time he needs men, all he has to do is ring up Fred Bass and inside an hour he has five hundred men. 'Course, sometimes it's neces-s'ry to take the law in our hands. We string up a nigger now and then—f'r an example like. Not officially, but it comes to the same thing. Over in Lakeland, a fellow named No'man—Frank No'man—he got foolin' round with niggers and unions and he got the works. I don't think he's dead—" Fred Bass paused, looking at me as though he couldn't make up his mind whether or not he should wink. "But this No'man was a Red. I can honestly say that. Sometimes we gotta show people what we think of those stinkin' trouble-makers."

He talked on. He was planning to run for sheriff. He'd clean up Orlando—"The City Beautiful"—where every other hot-dog stand owner insists that waitresses go in for prostitution on the side and let the management in on a cut of the proceeds.

"What about President Roosevelt?" I asked.

"He's okay," Bass answered. "I can honestly say that. It's the goddamned Comoonistic Brain Trusters—y'know, Mrs. Dilling was about right. Tugwell, Ickes, that guy Wallace, they're all Comoonists. And Farley, he's a Catholic. Things're in a helluva mess. Look at Gov'nor Scholtz." Bass prodded my knee. "If you get to Talahassee, you give that Jew bastard a message. Say it's from Fred Bass of Orlando. He knows me. Tell him that Fred Bass says he can—"

FRED BASS is just a big friendly thug. The most powerful toady the citrus growers have. The most generally despised man in Orange County—and you can throw in Polk County for good measure. He directs a state-wide organization that supplies whippers and terrorists on short notice. The owners and bankers and the big business men know how to use Fred Bass—he does their jobs thoroughly. Fred Bass is the Pearl Bergoff of Florida.

He's Kleagle of the Klan. Every now and then the members put on their sheets and parade the streets. The big kick is to invade the Negro quarter on the outskirts of town. The Negroes are apt to be scared. They remember past experiences; some of the boys might get mischievous and burn the quarter down. Of course, it's all in fun. Maybe some of the more lively Klansmen will whip a few Negroes, or if their spirits run real high, lynch an innocent man. That's just to remind the Negroes that white men are superior beings with souls and that Negroes have no soul.

The Klan has a definite program, a program that is most desirable if you look at it from the point of view of a grower or a banker. The categories of hate are convenient prejudices to be played upon when labor becomes restive or thinks of organizing, or when the Negroes show signs of growing tired of the unremitting oppression. Then the powers call in a man like Fred Bass and tell him that one or the other of the Klan's prejudices has been flaunted and then Fred Bass musters the terrorist artillery.

A year ago the Klan went on a rampage, until the sight of fiery crosses and reports of beatings so outraged the citizenry that the Klan decided to lie low for a while. Its hold on politics remains; it can still blackmail

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workers into the Klan organization. A man in search of a job had better join up, pay the ten-dollar initiation fee and his dues of six dollars a year, if he wants to land a job and hold it. Hence the considerable number of workers in the Klan. Policies are made from above. Democracy is a great ideal but the Klan officialdom isn't so short-sighted as to allow democratic procedure at meetings or when it comes to drafting Klan programs.

The fact is, workers in Florida remain among the most backward in America. They still fall for the anti-Semitic, anti-Catholic, anti-foreign-born, anti-Red propaganda. Florida is wholly—with negligible exceptions—an unindustrialized, agricultural state. A union movement worthy of the name does not exist. Groping attempts to form unions have been met by immediate terror, organized, unrelenting. Workers have been unable to resist it.

The exception is Tampa. In the cigar factories, where most of the labor is Cuban, Mexican, Spanish, the workers have carried over revolutionary traditions from the countries of their birth. They have been through terror before; they understand its meaning and motivation. Yet even in Tampa, the Klan has power. Just last week, three militants were picked up by police for "investigation"—they were reported to be Communists. They were arrested at night, under a Florida law that allows the police to hold a man on "suspicion," to hold him incommunicado for seventy-two hours without placing a formal charge against him. After the three men were "questioned" they were told to get out —not all at once, but one at a time. It was well-timed. The police cooperated with the mob. Outside, the Klan waited. Masked men seized each released suspect, rushed him into a car, took them to the waterfront and then swerved toward the wilderness. Dozens of cars followed. The men were dragged out, stripped. The "defenders of the Constitution" beat them, not with canvas straps as the Florida papers reported, but with rubber hose and iron chains. Shoemaker, one of the three victims, recognized Policeman Berry among the gang. He was beaten even more viciously than the others. The mutilated men were tarred and feathered and left by the roadside. When they were found, their condition was critical, not only from the treatment but from exposure. Shoemaker will probably not live.

The unions that now exist in Lakeland and Orlando are split on a craft basis. The Klan has a large voice in the federal unions—affiliated directly to the A. F. of L. with offices in Washington and not, like the international unions, autonomous. I met several local officials—crafty, shrewd little men, in the labor movement for what they could get out of it for themselves, filled with Klan prejudices. They look to Fred Bass or men like him for orders. Fred Bass drops in on the banker or the largest grove owner or the principal packer to find out what they think would be a good way of going about things. And it seems that the wishes of those on top is to keep one union isolated from the next, to have no dealings with the unemployed, to prevent any effort to organize relief workers and the unskilled.

A year ago, the unemployed did organize despite opposition. Two thousand joined the Unemployment Council. A strike of F.E.R.A. workers received sympathetic support of the Council, who advanced its own demands—ten dollars a week for the unemployed, three dollars additional relief for each dependant, free medical care, a hall to meet in, free milk for starving children. The owners didn't like it. Mr. Swope, head of local relief and a government employe, warned the unemployed to be careful or he'd see to it that they got what was coming to them—a threat he evidently backed up as he was recognized among the members of a whipping party that beat Broadwell, local organizer. At least, that is the story that one man after another whispered to me. When Broadwell identified his assailants in court, the judge threw out the case. Mr. Ferguson, campaigning for better government, was fired on by the Klan, the bullets lodging in his car. Mr. Bruni, local A.F. of L. organizer who had the courage to oppose such men as Bass, was shot at as he stood on the porch of his home. The buckshot ripped away a substantial piece of porch rail. Mr. Jackson, member of the federal union, militant supporter of the unemployed's action, was continually threatened with death. Cars passed and repassed his house each night: systematic intimidation which continues even today.

Yet the terror didn't stop the Unemployment Council. The mayor of Orlando was worried. There remained but one thing to do, call in Bass. "Rough and Ready" was just the man; hadn't he stated publicly, "Too bad there ain't some more phosphate pits in Orange County like there is in Polk County to bury some of these goddamned labor agitators in." Bass, the tall, heavy Klansman, might have been thinking of Frank Norman. It's hard to know just whom else he could have in mind when he remarked, "Some people have been taken out after dark and never returned home."

So the mayor chose Bass to break up the Unemployment Council. "Rough and Ready" went down to the park where a mass meeting was in session, picked a fight with the leader, got up on the platform and announced, "The mayor will do anything for me I ask him to. Let me handle this. You appoint a committee and I'll lead 'em to the mayor."

The members hesitated. "We already have a committee."

"Well, boys," said Bass, "follow me."

They followed him. He looked back and his jaw dropped. "Say," he bellowed. "You can't do this t' me. I'm not goin' to the mayor with a lot of goddamned niggers on the committee." And he strode off, Klan pride in revolt.

He didn't stay away long. He got over his anti-Negro feeling for the time being when he realized that here was a chance to break up a militant organization. After all, Klan pride demands carrying out such a task. Coupled with Swope, the head of federal relief for the county, Bass convinced the workers that ten dollars a week was too much relief. With the Red scare at its height, Bass and Swope disbanded the Unemployment Council, purged it of the militants, formed the "Square-Deal Association" to "care for" the workers. It cared for them—they woke up and found their organization smashed and the Klan riding high in the saddle.

And that was that. Little organization exists today in the citrus belt. Workers realize their mistake. They are beginning to look for guidance. It takes time to uproot prejudices. The anti-Negro propaganda must still be overcome. That remains the Klan's chief talking point. But in the citrus strike and in the strike of the unemployed, white workers learned that Negroes wouldn't scab. That opened their eyes. They are beginning to consider the Negro not an enemy but a potential ally on the picket line. They are only in the first stage of this reorientation. The wedge has entered, ever so slightly, cracking the supposedly impregnable surface. Things can move fast as starvation and oppression begin to teach elementary lessons.

NOT all labor organizers in the citrus belt are dominated by the Klan. One in particular had much to say on the situation in central Florida. "I'm no Communist," he assured me so that I would not misunderstand him. "I don't go the full way with those fellows. But I believe in the labor movement and the United Front. I believe that the bureaucracy of the A.F. of L. with its insistence on craft unionism as opposed to industrial unionism finds its worst results in a backward state like Florida. Even when we get organization in one union, we cannot get cooperation. One union's insulated from the other—it's hard to break through."

He stood fingering the crimson flowers of an hybiscus bush.

"You see," he admitted a little shamefacedly, "once I believed in the New Deal. I was taken in. But even supporting the New Deal labeled me a Red down there. They've spied on me ever since. When I started to organize unskilled labor—then I ran into real trouble. And the officials of the A.F. of L. up in Washington wouldn't move a finger to help me. They don't do a thing to get the field workers or the unskilled laborers. We have to fight our own organization as well as the Klan and Legion."

"I gather you favor a Labor Party. What chance has it got in Florida?"

"Sure, I believe in it, but—" he hesitated. "Time's not ripe here. We've gotta build unemployed organizations. As it is, there's no use talking Labor Party when we haven't the ghost of a chance of getting on the ballot. Takes 30-percent vote of the whole elec-

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torate in the preceding election to get on the ballot in this state. They nearly squeezed the Republicans off. What we need is mass organization to change that law—we gotta start from the bottom. They're backward here." He shook his head. "Backward as all hell. They fall for the back-slapping of some guy like Bass who's only a front for the bosses. He shakes their hand and gives 'em a cigar and then turns round and robs 'em of relief and wages and anything else that's left over. A smile from a King is breakfast for a fool."

At the relief office—situated in the most important bank building in Orlando—Mr. Swope the director refused to talk to me. He was much too busy and he didn't like reporters. He didn't give a damn what I wanted, he had nothing to conceal but he wasn't going to see reporters. "Go to my assistant," he snapped. "Only don't hang round here botherin' me."

The assistant had been trained at the Russell Sage Foundation. He kept taking off his glasses and then putting them on again, nervous, hesitant, anxious to assure me that he wasn't responsible for the way things went. He only carried out orders. He merely did what he was told.

"We haven't got elaborate statistics like you have in New York," he remarked hurriedly. "I don't know how much information I can give—"

"That's all right," I assured him. "You'll have what I want to know. What is the W.P.A. quota for Florida?"

"Thirty-five thousand."

"And how many unemployed would you say are able to work and are eligible for relief?"

He began turning over papers on the desk. "That's a hard question—"

"Well, just a rough estimate."

"Sixty-five thousand."

"And when does direct relief from the government end?"

"They say December 1—that is, I'm not sure it will—"

"So there remain thirty thousand with no visible means of support. Any state appropriations?"

He took his glasses off and rubbed them. "No."

"What happens to the thirty thousand who aren't given relief? And to the unemployables?"

The glasses went back on his nose. "I don't know."

"Now could you tell me the scale of wages?"

"Well, they're not bad down here," he said. "They range from twenty-five dollars a month for unskilled to fifty dollars a month for skilled."

"In all counties?"

"Well, not in all. Some range from nineteen to thirty-five dollars a month.

"And what about direct relief?"

"Now that's a problem." He removed the glasses holding them up to the light. "It's not what you—that is, it's not what Northerners call high. Fifty cents to seventy-five cents a week, with a nickel and sometimes twenty-five cents added for each dependent. Of course," he added, "when we get it, we give out commodities—prunes, flour, beef."

"Can a man, can a family live on such relief? Even with the commodities, granting for the moment they are available?"

He squirmed, rustling the papers. "I don't know," he mumbled. "I don't know. They seem to do it."

A BEAUTIFUL state, Florida, with its semi-tropical flowers, the oaks with their garlands of Spanish moss, the graceful palms, the wild mysterious swamps full of game. A state where the boom left cities in the middle of the plain with not a person living in the stucco hotels and apartments, with unused streets running straight out into the forest, with sidewalks on which the cows can stand while they feed on the grass growing in the gutters. A state where the "cracker" and the Negro are in the same boat, though the "cracker" doesn't know it.

In the Everglades, far back from the main road, I met a "half-cropper," a farmer who worked land rented by a city partner and whose expenses were paid for one year by the partner. At the end of the year, whatever was made was shared half and half. The farmer had his wife and child on a land sled, a rough platform on runners, pulled by a horse, that made it possible to get through the swamp and across the plain. We talked about farming, about his difficulty in getting crops to the canning plant, about the loneliness of existence so far away from town or village.

"What about prices?" I wanted to know.

He shrugged. "They're not up, I knowed that. Last week I bring tomatoes in to the plant and they want t'pay me a price which didn't even pay me for givin' up a day o' work bringin' 'em in. So I tells 'em to go to hell. Them tomatoes should of gone to the poor, but I don't know how t'go about doin' it. So I dumped 'em down the way. No damn city company's goin' t'make a profit offen me!"

He paused, squinting at me. "Many others feel that way?" I asked.

"Well—" he seemed undecided what to say. "Tell the truth, lots of crackers round here are gettin' to feel pretty much like me. Things ain't much better, we c'n tell that. One o' these days a bunch of us are goin' to sort of get together and then those packers 'll pay us what we want or they won't get anything to pack. No, suh." He picked up the reins. "Won't get one tomato. They can't run them plants without us. 'N once we get together—"

He didn't finish the sentence. Instead, he slapped the horse with the reins and started down the road.

"Look at Captain Sharpomenn and Young Hans!"
"Well, Roehm wasn't made in a day you know!"

Wolfe

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United Front Opens Herndon's Jail

("I'm Dead Sure You'll Get Me Out Soon")

JOSEPH NORTH

"You know," he said to me a block or so away from the courthouse, "the nearer I get to the court, the nearer I feel freedom. I'm dead sure the united front'll get me out soon. Funny isn't it? The nearer I get to Fulton Tower, this time, the nearer I feel to freedom." He was silent a moment and then grinned. "That's dialectics, I guess, isn't it?"

—From "Herndon Is Back in Atlanta" in THE NEW MASSES, November 5, 1935.

AFTER Angelo Herndon said "so long" and walked up the courthouse stairs to give himself up to twenty years on a Georgia chain gang the authorities took him over to Fulton Tower and put him in Big Rock with thirty-two murderers. They have taken six of them out since Angelo came down, just six short weeks ago. A man a week to the electric chair. Georgia electrocuted them and they said good-bye to Herndon one by one as they went out the door for that last time.

They put Angelo Herndon in with murderers and condemned men because he had led a thousand starving people to ask for bread. The condemned men, the murderers, the two-gun men, looked up puzzled when the guards brought 22-year-old Angelo in with his armload of books. The authorities knew perfectly well what they were doing—this was the most turbulent wing in Fulton Tower and the men snarled at each other and fought with each other and plenty were stabbed in this barred, dark room where you could hear the 2,000 volts of electricity whir on execution day. The big shots of Georgia thought the men would turn on Angelo one of these days and do a job for Georgia the authorities would love to have done. After Angelo came in there wasn't one fight, during the whole six weeks' period.

They kangarooed all newcomers, but the murderers and the two-gunmen looked Angelo over after the guards slammed the doors shut and they wanted to know what he was doing time for. One of the men spoke up and said he had heard Angelo while on his speaking tour in California and Angelo talked for the underdog. They scoffed at first and were impatient with a man who came 1,000 miles to give himself up to twenty years on the chain gang. They were no different than the editor of The Pittsburgh Courier, who had a cartoon drawn of a little figure in big chains and captioned it "Little Man, What Now?" when Angelo went down and surrendered.

The condemned men thought it over and decided Angelo wouldn't have to go on trial in kangaroo court and he would save the $1.50 they charge every man for "breaking into jail."

They were black men, all of them, and they knew they were getting a dirty deal down there in sunny Dixie and they used to sing a song that started like this:

White folks call me nigger
But that ain't none of my name
When I get up in Heaven
Gonna change that ugly name.

They asked Angelo to talk to them and explain some things to them. Angelo, graduate of a Workers' School in Chattanooga and member of the National Executive Committee of the Young Communist League, explained to the condemned men and they sat around and thought it over. One fellow who still had a chance for a pardon took Angelo aside and said, "Mr. Herndon, we have no foundation to build on; we colored people got no chance down here. I would like to know if I ever get out and go North could I go to night school?" The man had a wife and three children and he didn't want to believe he could never get out. For most of them felt that whoever entered that jail never walked out alive. When you did go out you were as good as dead, for the electric chair was at the other end of your walk.

Angelo walked out that door—but not to the electric chair.

Warden Turner had told me you would need to file through the recently-added twelve bars of "hard steel and soft steel" to break out of Fulton Tower. "No man done it yet." Angelo walked out that door and he didn't even have a finger nail file in his hands. The twenty six men condemned to die watched him go and they tried to figure it out.

The guard had come around, shortly after Judge Dorsey had ruled the insurrection law unconstitutional, on December 7, and had told Angelo to pack. "Get dressed, boy," he said. "You're going out." Angelo started packing his books but the guard said, "Hurry up, leave them damn books here, you got to leave fast."

"Go on, Angelo, dress," the condemned men said and they pitched in and packed up his stuff while Angelo donned his street clothes. They all crowded around to shake hands but the guard wouldn't give them a break. "Come along," he said, "you ain't got all day shakin' hands."

The Reverend, a man of 40, condemned to die for the murder of a woman, crowded forward. "I told you, Angelo," he said. "I knew it . . . knew it all along . . . I got a message from the Lawd." The Reverend had told Angelo he could commune with God, in fact he had seen God. Saw God in a Chicago police station once. God was blond and had blue eyes, wore police riding boots and had a horseman's whip in his hands. "I can commune with God for you," he had told Angelo. "I can call God from here and get a message through to Him." In a prison cell you got to be real friendly even with a man with a glint in his eye and Angelo Herndon talked to the man who could get messages through to God.

When Angelo got the word to leave the Reverend beamed. He took it as a personal victory. "And stay out, son," he said. "Don't you ever let me catch you back here."

As Angelo walked down the corridors of gloomy old Fulton Tower he heard the condemned men singing the song they all sang over and over:

That old walker, walker [guard]
Made me mad this mornin'
About my time
Lawd, Lawd
About my time.

I gotta wife,
Wife and three little chillen
They're cryin' for bread
Lawd,
Cryin' for bread.

I'm gonna roll on, roll on
A few days longer
I'm goin' back home
Oh, yes, I'm goin' back home.

If I had my, had my
32-20
I'd go today
Lawd, Lawd,
I'd go today.

He had referred to these songs in a letter written to a friend in the International Labor Defense which had organized the united-defense front about his case:

As per usual the boys are singing those songs—and to my own surprise I find that tears are dribbling from my eyes. I can hardly bear the thought of the thing—to sit and listen to condemned men singing songs that have words with so much meaning—and yet they don't realize it themselves. . . . I can understand how miserable the lives of those who were tortured during the Spanish inquisition must have been.

I, like them, am an outcast, a criminal, a murderer and everything else that is low and dirty—according to the thinking of my torturers. But I won't let that worry me. The day is fast approaching when the millions of robbed, exploited and downtrodden people will make the final and triumphant march against the real criminals, murderers and fiends who are skilled in the art of human torture . . . my whole life has been dedicated to that triumph—in spite of all the horrors I see today.

They set Herndon loose on $8,000 bail and he had wiped his brow and walked

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down the Atlanta streets breathing some fresh air and then he sent a wire cheering the Scottsboro boys and after that, a few hours to wait for his train, he took in a movie. He caught the evening train and came North.

The Daily Worker had got the word and had printed a special edition and thousands of people in New York had thrown their hats in the air and had cried out joyously, "Angelo is free."

Thousands of them gathered at the Pennsylvania Station when he came in Sunday at 4:10 p. m. and they hailed Angelo Herndon and sang "The Internationale" and "Solidarity Forever." Socialists, Communists, non-party people, there in the crowd, milling together in the crowd greeting Herndon in a crowd and not even the shrewdest dick could tell a Communist from a Socialist and the policemen shoving couldn't tell a Socialist from a Communist and the cry was "United Front!" When they hoisted Angelo up on their shoulders on Eighth Avenue he said: "It was the glorious united front you put up that set me free."

There were families, black, white, workingmen and their wives and their kids, Communist, Socialist, and I saw Mary Fox, of the League for Industrial Democracy in the crowd, her six-year-old kid and an eight-year-old nephew hanging on to her hands. All had red ribbons on calling for Herndon's defense. They cheered for Herndon and they were shoved around by the police and they sang "The Internationale" for Herndon and the slogan was the united front.

Angelo Herndon walked down 125th Street in Harlem with a bunch of roses the workers had shoved into his hands and went to the workers' headquarters and made a little speech thanking the workers and asking to be excused because he hadn't slept for two days. And the workers cheered him and I heard a follower of Father Divine come up and say, "Peace, brother, ain't it wonderful. You're free."

And I thought of the old Reverend that Angelo had told me about and I thought the Reverend down there in jail hadn't got the right message when he communed with God for surely God would have told him about the League for Industrial Democracy, the International Labor Defense, the National Committee for Defense of Political Prisoners, the Non-Partisan League, the General Defense League of the I. W. W. God would have told the Reverend about the United Front and about the resolution passed in Atlantic City at the A. F. of L. convention against the insurrection law of Georgia and I'm sure God would have mentioned the million people throughout the United States who signed the Herndon petition, for many of the signatures were gotten in His churches.

God would certainly have said something about the need to strengthen the United Front, for the State of Georgia means to appeal the case to a higher court. For Angelo is not scot-free. And Georgia gentlemen don't mean to let the man Warden Turner called "just a light-colored nigger" get off as easy as that.

The old Reverend was wrong and the boys in jail singing that old song about their 32-20 need to learn a new verse. It would deal with millions of men and women, white and black, workingmen all of all political and religious denominations, getting together and constituting themselves the Supreme Court of these United States.

Commune again, Reverend, commune again down there in Fulton Tower, down in Big Rock. There's a new message abroad in America.

And one final word to the editor of The Pittsburgh Courier—Yes, little man, what now?

Choral Ballade

of the More Articulate Ladies in the Metropolitan Horseshoe

EMANUEL EISENBERG

Never a time with the rich securer!
Never such furs at a Charity Ball!
Bond investments grow steadily surer;
Dividends show a tremendous haul.
Then why do paraders march out to brawl
With signs that we wish they would show to Sweeney?
Those frightening fools should be made to crawl.
What America needs is a Mussolini.

Let's question the most impartial juror:
Isn't ours the most plentiful land of all?
Then how can the poor be growing poorer?
It's propaganda to make us look small
And they're simply enacting each Moscow scrawl,
For nobody starves here—not one weenie!
The malcontents cry it to shock and appall.
What America needs is a Mussolini.

You give relief—and they raise a furor;
You distribute old clothes—and still they squall.
When will dumb masses become maturer
And learn there exists a permanent wall
Between throats that can gulp at a sandwich stall
And palates attuned to wined scallopini?
To demand lives like ours! such fantastic gall!
What America needs is a Mussolini.

L'Envoi

Benito, they say that you're due to fall,
That your victims are stirring, black-browed and spleeny:
If you get out alive, make us your next call!
What America needs is a Mussolini.

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A BUMPER CROP

Eugene Morley

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Bill Smith's Clinic

Advice from the Board of Private Wealth

AT LAST this all-important topic can be discussed frankly. By a special arrangement with the League of Notions, we are able to offer our readers up-to-date information on how to keep wealthy. Dearth control, African itch, labor pains, German weasels, swollen inventories and many other dangerous complaints respond readily to correct treatment. Write us your *problems—they can't be any worse than hundreds of case histories in our files. Glance at these letters from famous incurables who are learning how to guard their wealth.*

A Miserable Banker

For years I was top-heavy and bloated, though I rarely touched anything but watered stock—of course between deals I took whatever I could get my hands on. Cheat, slink and be wary was my motto. Then my circulation became very bad, I had trouble digesting even the simplest facts and once I passed a dividend in public! I couldn't help it, the strain was almost unbearable. Luckily, I had enough papers with me. I am still horribly afraid of exposure, and the other day I nearly coughed up some unearned increment. A doctor advised me to try Fletcher's Republican Remedy instead of taking so many credit injections, but I don't believe I could move without them. Please give me your advice.

WINTHROP W. A.

*Winthrop, you are afflicted with lender's complaint (sometimes called vested-rights disease). Your days are numbered, but you can ward off mild attacks by using this simple formula: Concealed assets * * Paper losses * * Foreign loans * * Gun powder. Sift through fine legal screen and then add* Martial Spirits. *Rub the compound into every spot you can reach.*

A Scurvy Publisher

I have led a pretty wild life and always got by with murder. My crowd had plenty of money so it was always a cinch to fix things no matter what I pulled—and some of it was pretty raw. Take Marion, for instance, or that girl N.I.R.A. Boy, did we get hot! Then a funny thing happened. I woke up one morning and discovered that I had suffered a loss of income! Is that a sign of tart-burn? When I saw some of the boys they had union scales that looked like red sores. A friend recommended Nazi Salve. He says it cures social diseases every time and brings back your manhood. Do you know the prescription? I sure want it.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH H.

Don't kid yourself, William. That salve won't help a bit because your whole system is infected. The best you can hope for is a few years of impotent self-indulgence and creeping paralysis.

Hooverian Pains

How does it feel to lose your mind? I keep telling people what to do and how to bring back prosperity and they say *I'm* crazy. Hard work and plenty of it is all we need if everybody makes enough sacrifices it will bring recovery just like Valley Forge and Lincoln and Jefferson instead of idiots who talk about security for the working classes—besides the tariff furnishes that. It wouldn't take me long to knock some sense in their heads. But when I try to say it things get all mixed up. There is a devilish plot on foot somewheres and I would like to send them all back where they came from. I have terrible nightmares and keep seeing red. Could that be caused by hardening of the arteries of commerce? HERBERT.

Herbert, you are suffering from delerious traditions. Millions of these pitiful dements are at large and each one imagines his own son can be President! Long addicted to mortgage plasters and peps-em salts, they subsist mainly on mush and sugar-coated bills. No permanent relief is possible.

An Invalid Broker

For years I had play-fever, maybe because there were always a lot of stockroaches around my place. The only thing I ever took for it was Sloan's motor liniment—you know, the kind that comes done up in ticker tape. Then all of a sudden I heard a crash and ever since I've had a queer feeling of depression. I'm making big money, but somehow I keep having this sense of fear—like being naked in a dream. When I hear people talk about giving work and look at the enormous unemployed figures I shake so that it's worse than rackets. Could I cure myself with a Supreme Court Plaster and Scottsboro Emulsion? EDWARD F. H.

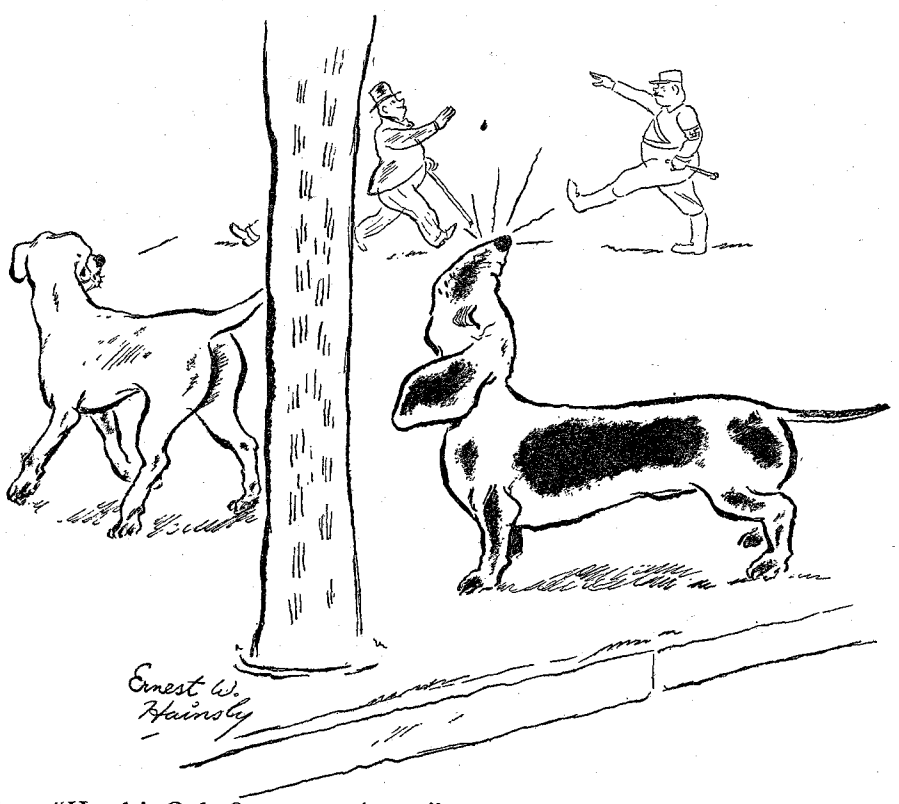
Ed, things are beginning to "gang up" on you. Infernal bleeding has so undermined your system that not even all the resources of modern technology can save it. Copious doses of English bitter-enders might put some hair on your war chest.

A Complaining General

I'm all out of sorts, feel dizzy and half the time don't even know where I am going. My head is very much swollen and the other day I thought I found banker's lice and widow's mites in my hair. I had them once before, out in Chicago and it took me years to recover. My eyes smart if I try to look at anything squarely and when I bathe them with even a weak solution of acid truth, it hurts so that I can't stand it. I'm used to hangovers but this seems different. My best friends kidded me to death. I looked like such a fool. Now I'm weak and shaky—just about all washed up. What shall I do?

HUGH S. J.

Hugh, you have a bad case of competitus agitans, or profits disease. The mortality among herring barely equals the fearful death rate from this cruel affliction, which compels its victims to hunt something for nothing. Their maniacal cries for low wages, their bloated inventories and red, distorted figures are all too prevalent. Acute cases may be seen in the hands of receivers—pitiful shrunken skeletons without interest or principle. Trips abroad followed by a gold transfusion bring only momentary relief. You can amuse yourself, however, by tuning in your radio on station WAR.



"Hmph! Only 85-percent Aryan." *Ernest W. Hainsly*

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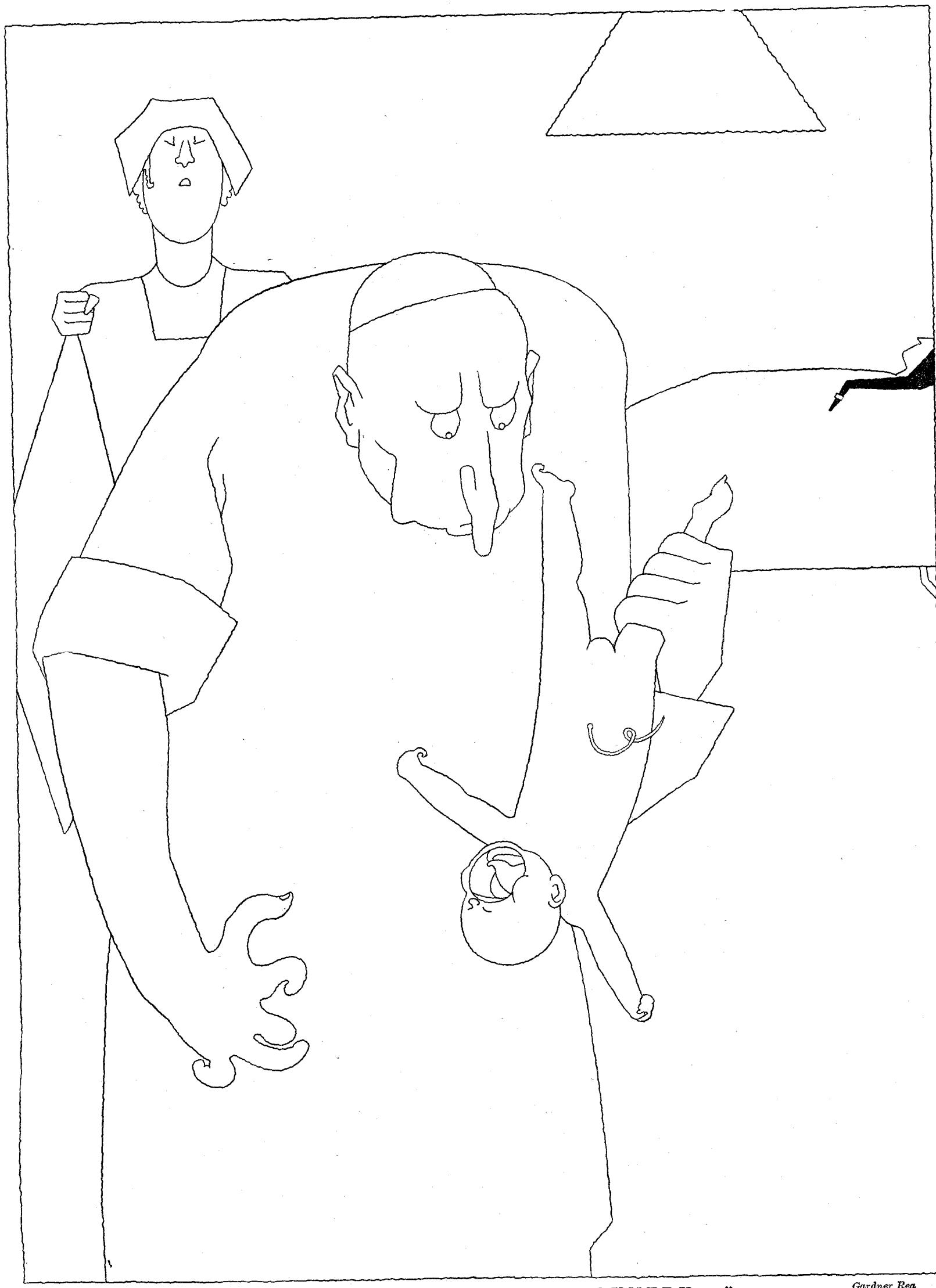

"IF YOU DON'T LIKE THIS COUNTRY——"

Gardner Rea

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"Shirley Temple, You Traitor!"

ARTHUR KOBER

FELLAS, I sent fa you because I want you both to mull over an idear. Fellas, it's a simply movvelous idear and it came to me last night in the bathroom when I was reading the newspaper, the headlines, y'know. I look in the headlines and the first thing I see, fellas, is "Little girl refuses to salute the flag."

I think to myself, "Where the hell is the kid from?" I think to myself. Y'know, if she's a Joosh kid from Germany, well, I can unnastand that. Maybe she's a Russian kid fomm Russia—y'know, them Reds; well, I can unnastand that, too. Fellas, I look in the paper and this is happening right here in this country, before our very eyes, here in the United States of America!

"My God," I say to myself, "supposing evvey kid refused to salute the flag, a fine hoodeya do you'd get! Multiply a condition like that a thousand times and you got a revolution! Moe," I says to myself, "you got the inkling of an idear that'll shake this country and break all box-office records!"

So I give the matter some thought. Supposing I was able to get a loan of Shirley Temple fomm the Twentieth-Century outfit. Supposing we were to show Shirley Temple a sweet, wonderful kid with long curly hair who is simply nuts about her school.

Now she is living in the slums with her father, a Paul Muni type whose wife just died because of a lung condition, which we don't hafta go into. So he is a widower with a child and Shirley's got no mother now, excepting her father, Paul Muni. Now the father loses his job on account of the depression. So months go by and Paul Muni can't get a job. Pretty soon he develops a negative attitude toward life and, what the hell!—with that attitude, nachelly, nobody wants to give him work. Anyways, he gets sore on evveybody and evveything. He hates conditions, he hates the President, he hates the New Deal, he's just bubbling over with hate.

So one day he comes home and he hears his little daughter, Shirley Temple, rehearsing—waddeya call it?—yeah, the pledge. She has to memorize it like for home-work. So he calls her over. Fellas, here we got a hot scene, a tremendous scene, showing how he poisons his own kiddie's mind. He fills her with a lotta junk how rotten the system is, how the govvement's no good, using only his own individual case as an example. And he tells her she shouldn't salute the flag. After all, what did the country do for her old man—nothing!—so why should she go out of her way to respeck the country's flag?

Then we dissolve to a school showing the kids in assembly. The flag is put up and they are all saluting and saluting, oney one exception—Shirley Temple. Evveybody turns around and looks at her. My God, what's happened? Hell's broke loose!

Well, they question her. They say, "Shirley Temple, you're a traitor!" Finey they find out that her old man is the nigger in the haystack. So the landlord, who's on the school-board, dispossesseses Paul Muni. What the hell, if he don't like this country, why should he sponge on the hospitality here? Besides, he hasn't paid any rent for a coupla months.

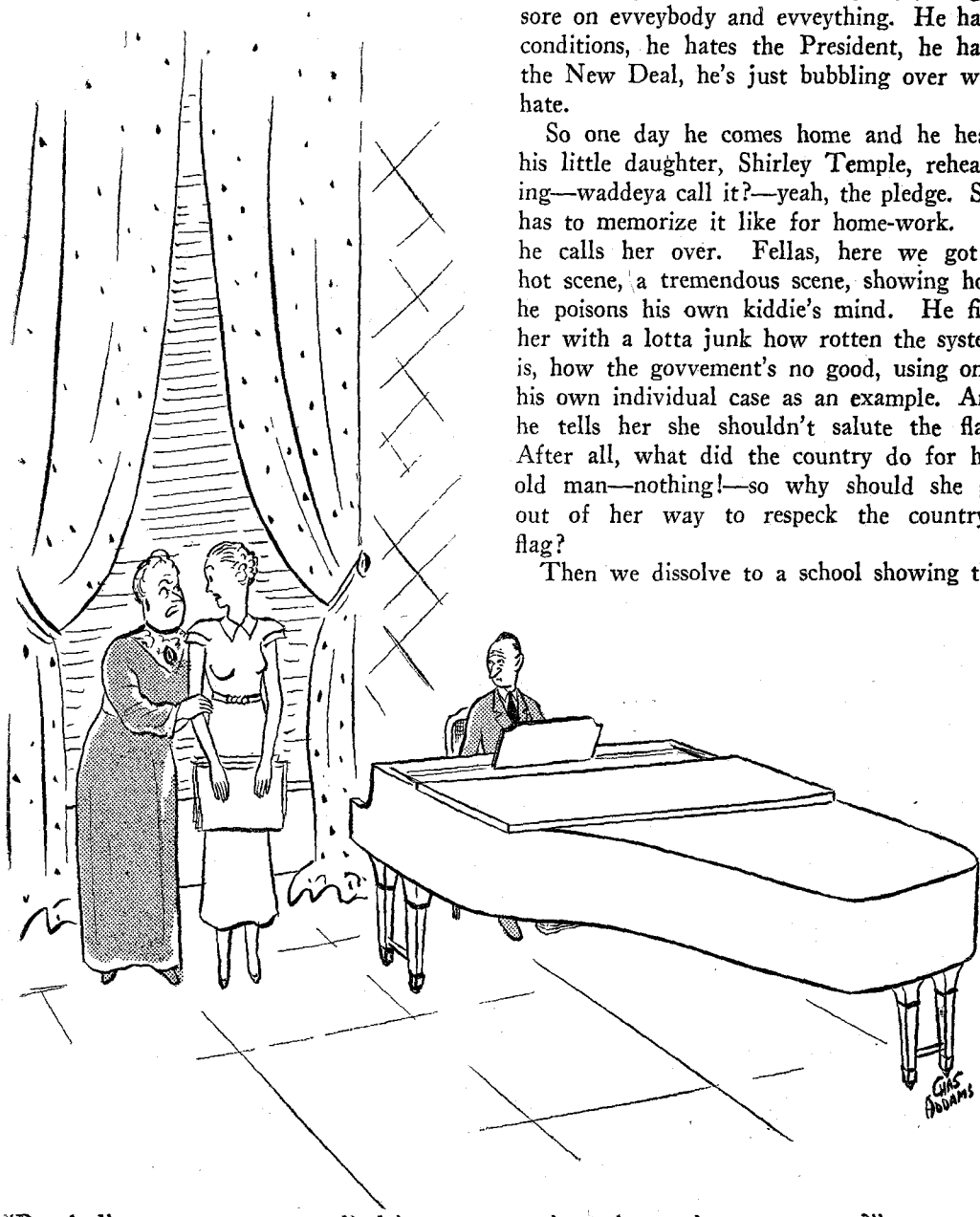
Well, fellas, we show Paul Muni and his daughter, Shirley Temple, walking the streets in the rain, just a coupla outcasts. So they pass a missionary place that gives out free hot cawfee and doughnuts. They go inside and they eat, and the preacher there, a nice, old guy like Henry B. Walthall, he's delivering a sermon.

So Paul and Shirley sit down to rest up their wet feet. Walthall is talking about Christmas time on account it's now Christmas time. And he is saying how movvelous evveything is because, look!—here we are celebrating Christmas in this country and under this flag. Supposing, he says, we lost the war, wouldn't we be in a spot with our loved ones taken away fomm us? And he says we owe it all to the boys who went over the top and gave their all to make this here world a good and safe and wonderful place to live in. A very gusty speech he makes!

Well, he keeps on talking and then we dissolve to a sequence where we show a lotta stock shots of the war, and we double-expose on all these shots little Shirley Temple leading her old man by the hand. She takes him to the trenches and we show the Americans and the Germans fighting. We see the soldiers being blown up by bombs. We have a shot showing some of them caught in the barbed wire. We show our boys in No Man's Land, bleeding on the ground like stuffed pigs.

Then we show Shirley leading her old man through the cemeteries of France where our boys are sleeping. We cut to the two standing in front of the grave of the unborn soldier. We go fomm there to a boat going to Europe and it's filled to the top with one, two, three-star mothers who gave their sons to the country.

We take our people to the hospitals here, the veteran hospitals. All this time Walthall is talking about how these boys protected us and how much we owe these fellas, and we see these guys in wheel-chairs with their legs off, and we see some blind buddies making baskets, and we show a



"But darling, are you sure a radical instructor won't teach you the wrong tunes?"

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coupla nurses cheering up some men who were gassed up, they cough all the time.

You see, little Shirley is teaching her old man a lesson. She's showing him he should be such a goddamn blow-mouth. After all, where the hell would he be if these fellas hadn't been blown up and cut to pieces just because of him?

Well, we cut back to the missionary place and tears are streaming up and down Paul Muni's face. He stops the missionary in the middle of his speech and takes Shirley Temple by the hand and he says he learned his lesson. The landlord and his wife, who come into the joint to give out Christmas presents, hear Muni telling his daughter, Shirley Temple, she should salute the flag, the flag which has never been let down yet in any war! The landlord rushes up and forgives Paul Muni, lets him have his room back in the house and he gives him a job besides. Shirley Temple she's promoted and she leads the singing in the assembly.

Fellas, I don't often enthuse about our product, but I tell you this thing has the odor of a tremendous hit that'll gross a million bucks. Fellas, go back to your awfice. Mull the idear over in your mind and, for God's sakes, don't shoot your mouth off because I don't want any other studio to beat us to the draw. That's all, men!

School Days

ARTHUR BEECHER

Father Coughlin is starting a class in Communism so that he may more effectively refute its doctrines.—NEWS DESPATCH.

"Now, boys and girls," says Father Coughlin. "If I were to tell you of a country where the children were starving and the fathers were out of work and the rent was unpaid, what would you say?"

"We'd say it was lousy," say the children.

"Yes, yes," says Father Coughlin, irritatedly, "but what else would you say?"

"We'd say it reminded us of home," say the kids.

"No, no!" cries Fra Coughlin. "You'd say it was a *Communist's* idea of what a country might be like. Propaganda. Red propaganda. You know what propaganda is, don't you? Oscar, you tell us what propaganda is."

"Propaganda," begins Oscar haltingly. "Propaganda is when you say something that's true and everybody gets mad."

"Oh, indeed," says Father Coughlin, sardonically. "And if I were to tell you capitalism is the finest form of life ever known, would you call that propaganda?"

"No, sir," says Oscar uneasily. "I—I'd call that an axiom."

"An axiom! And what might an axiom be, my fine young friend?"

"Sure she talks, only yesterday she said 'Red bastards!'"

"An axiom," says Oscar, "an axiom is when you keep saying a thing so long pretty soon you get believing it yourself."

Now, look here, you young . . .," begins Father Coughlin in a gruff voice, which rapidly melts into an attitude of beneficence. "My dear young friends. I can see it is all my fault. I've been neglecting you. I have allowed you to get these perverted ideas about affairs when you should have been concerned with spiritual matters. We must return to our old state—the state in which we surrender ourselves to discipline, in which we sacrifice ourselves to a higher power, in which we know that if we are humble we shall be rewarded by the Master. Now, children, what state is this that I refer to?"

The children look at him questioningly, not sure and saying nothing until they are certain.

"Oh, tut," says Father Coughlin, annoyed. "You know what I mean—the state to which I am leading you. . . . Discipline, higher power, rewards by the Master . . .?"

"We know!" cry the kids, waving their hands excitedly.

"Yes?" says the good Father, beaming.

"Fascism!" yell the kids, and wonder what it is they've said that makes the good Father act so peculiarly.

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"Have I told you how joining the Silver Shirts Auxiliary cured me of my hiccups?"

Adolf Dehn

The Green, White and Blue

GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

IN nineteen hundred and forty-one, which was just a year after the fascists took over America, Dictator Hamilton Fish issued an order prohibiting the use of the color red anywhere in the United States, or even the mention of the word. This was one of several steps aimed at the crushing of a Communist counterattack and was greeted with approval all over the country.

(There had been a previous order commanding that all orders should be greeted with approval.)

One of the first things to go, of course, was the red traffic light. This was accomplished very simply by just keeping all lights green all the time. Naturally this also speeded traffic greatly. True, there were a good many smash-ups and several thousand pedestrians were killed or crippled every day, but it was rightly felt that the state was more important. In addition, it turned out that a good many people who were killed were Communists, so it was all right.

The necessary change in the American flag was handled very neatly. It was turned into the green, white and blue, and the flag manufacturing companies patriotically worked night and day turning out the new emblems. The night work was necessary because Dictator Fish had just issued an order requiring every citizen to purchase one of the new flags, or else.

The publishers of children's books, too, printed anew the story of *Little White Riding Hood,* and on the adult side there was of course a reprint of Stark Young's *So Yellow the Rose.* The problem of red roses, of course, was rather a perplexing one, but the Florists' Association patriotically solved it by simply cutting off the flowers and selling just the stalks. Naturally this boosted the price a little, owing to the work of cutting off the flowers, but no one complained. Anyhow, not out loud.

Tomato juice and red cabbage were simply colored blue, which, it turned out, poisoned all those who partook of them. The gain to fascism, however, more than balanced these few hundred thousand deaths. Of course no problem at all was presented by the abolition of red ink, since under fascism no corporation could possibly operate at a loss.

(Whenever a corporation showed a losing year, under the fascist regime, a benefit performance was given at Madison Square Garden, for which everyone was required to buy a ticket. The United States Steel Corporation benefit, in 1939, was the greatest thing of its kind ever staged.)

In fact the whole move was a complete success and fascism probably never would have been overthrown had it not been for the children of Public School 62, in Lincoln, Nebraska. It was there, in October, 1947, that an epidemic of pink toothbrush broke out and which, spreading over the country, finally installed a Communist government in the spring of 1950.

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The German Girls! The German Girls!

(Offered gratis for the instruction of Mr. W. R. Hearst and Other Publicists)

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

Are you familiar with the mounted men?

Who asked us this? The linden leaves? The pianos
Answering evening with yesterday—they or the leaves?

Who asked us this in the cat's hour when evening
Curled in the sitting-room listening under the lamps
To the linden leaves in the wind and the courtyard pianos?

Are you familiar with the mounted men—
The cavalry lot with the hot leap at the fences:
Smellers of horse-sweat: swingers of polished boots:
Leather crotch to the britches: brave looters:
Lope over flowerbeds: wheel on the well-kept lawns:
Force your knees in the negligé under the awning:
Bold boys with a blouse: insolent handlers:
Bring you the feel again: bring you the German man:
Bring you the blood to the breasts and the bride's look on you—
Laughter fumbling at the clumsy hooks?—

Are you familiar with the mounted men?

Who asks us now? The broken doors? The dead boys
Answering morning with yesterday—they or the doors?

Who asks us now in the dog's hour when morning
Sniffs at the dead boys in the prison trench
And wakes the woman whom no mouth will waken?

Are we familiar with the mounted men!—
The grocery lot with the loud talk in the restaurants:
Smellers of delicatessen: ex-cops:
Barbers: fruit-sellers: sewers of underwear: shop-keepers:
Those with the fat rumps foolish in uniforms:
Red in the face with the drums: with the brass tunes:
Fingerers under a boy's frock: playfellows:
Tricksters with trousers: whip-swingers: eye-balls glazed:
Bring you the feel again—bring you the crawling skin!
Bring you the blood to your throat and the thighs wincing!

Are you familiar with the mounted men—

Who sold us so? Who told us this to tempt us?

There was a voice that asked us in those evenings
Peaceful with always when our muslin sleeves
Moved through the past like promises and children
Played as forever and the silence filled:
There was a voice among the afternoons
That asked us this—the crowds?—the red balloons?—
The July flowers in the public gardens?—
There was a voice that asked us under stars too.

Are you familiar with the mounted men?

Who asked us this upon the Sunday benches?
What pimp procured us to leave loose our doors
And made us whores and wakened us with morning?
Only by us the men of blood came in!
Only by women's doors: by women's windows—
Only by us the flags: the flagrant brass:
The belts: the ribbons: the false manhood passes!
Only by women's tenderness can come
The midnight volley and the prison drum-beat!

Are you familiar with the mounted men?

Who asked us this?

THERE WAS A VOICE THAT ASKED US!

"Mr. Slasher has clubbed dozens of strikers. He's going to give us a little talk on what America needs!"

Ned Hilton

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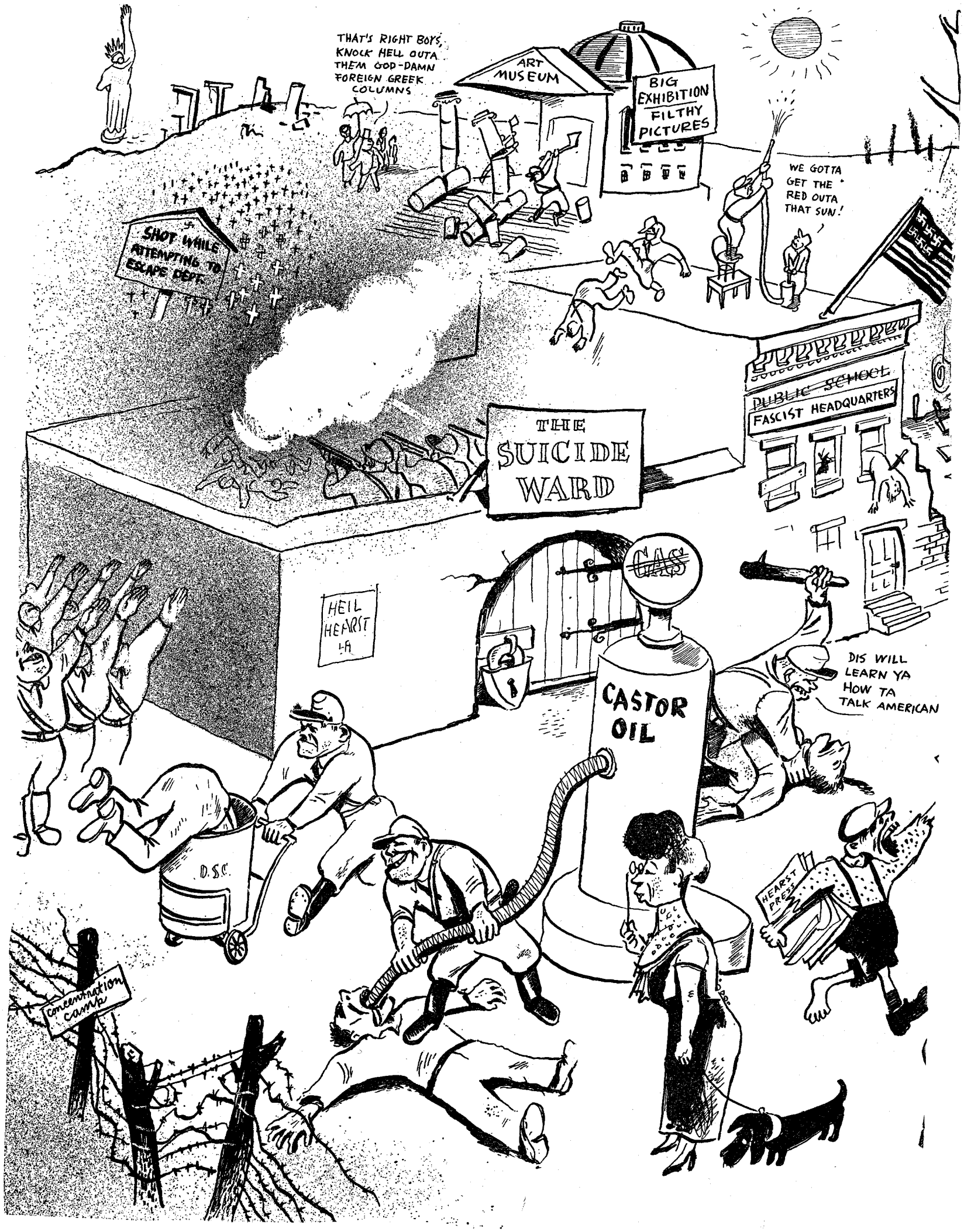

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William Gropper

'ENS HERE

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John O'Hara's Dilemma

DEAR MR. FORSYTHE:

I HAVE been sitting here on this fairly comfortable fence, watching the Reds at one end and the fascists at the other, taking the fence apart. I've known all along, of course, that sooner or later they would meet, approximately at me, and that then I would have to take my tired body off the fence and line up with Red or fascist. For a while I had a feeling that I would join the fascists, because a friend of mine named Karl Creighton or something like that, he used to get angry with me and call me a fascist bastard and I thought well, maybe that's what I am, in part. Then, too, I had to admit that I don't know much about some things. I am not a cultured man, Mr. Forsythe. I read hardly anything that is put between boards. I never have read *The Mill on the Floss* nor *The Cricket on the Hearth*. Other books I have not read include: *Stained Glass Tours in France* (1908), *Stained Glass Tours in England* (1909), *Stained Glass Tours in Italy* (1913), *Stained Glass Tours in Spain and Flanders* (1924), *Stained Glass Tours in Germany* (1927), *Bismarck and Mussolini* (1931), *The Purple or the Red* (1924), *A Year's Embassy to Mustafa Kemal* (1933). However, I am not so uncultured that I do not know that the whole Stained Glass Series, and the Bismarck-Mussolini book, and the Purple-Red book, and the Year's Embassy book were written by a very good reason why I guess I am inevitably getting down off the fence and lining up against the fascists. The reason is Brigadier General Charles Hitchcock Sherrill.

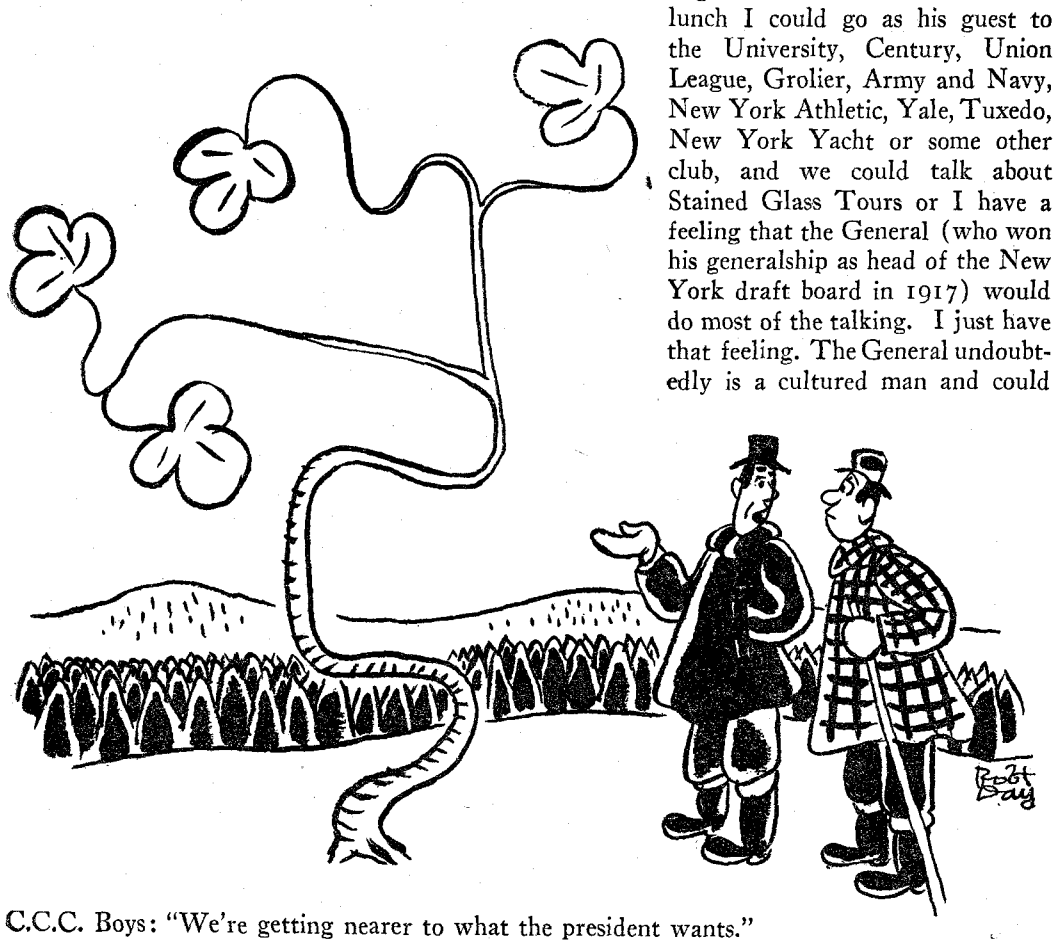
It is a wonderful thing to find out how famous a man can be without anyone's ever having heard about him. I mean, I immediately recognize and identify the names of Willie Stevens and Wilber Huston and Bryan Untiedt and Madge Oberholtzer and Rudolph Blankenburg and Marion Zinderstein and Federico Enrico and Bossy Gillis and Jim Dandy and Lawrence Richey and Jimmy Hussey and Hazay Natzy and Bernie Wefers and Hector Fuller and T. Truxtun Hare. These are just names I put down as they come to me, names of people who for one reason or another have had some kind of fame. But I never had heard of Charles Hitchcock Sherrill until a few months ago, and the more I heard of him, the more I learned about him, the more certain I was that no matter how sore I was from kicks from the highly-organized Reds and the somewhat unconsolidated fascists, I would prefer being kicked by a Red to being kicked by a fascist. I do not like the General Sherrill. I do not know General Sherrill, although I am sure if he came in this room I would know him. He probably would be wearing his Deke pin on his waistcoat, and miniatures of the Grand Cross Order of the Crown of Italy, Commander of the Legion of Honor, Commander of the Order of Leopold, Grand Cross of the Jugoslavian Order of the White Eagle and a few other orders. For lunch I could go as his guest to the University, Century, Union League, Grolier, Army and Navy, New York Athletic, Yale, Tuxedo, New York Yacht or some other club, and we could talk about Stained Glass Tours or I have a feeling that the General (who won his generalship as head of the New York draft board in 1917) would do most of the talking. I just have that feeling. The General undoubtedly is a cultured man and could tell me about what he saw and learned at Yale and in the Argentine, and if we got around to business he could tell me something of his duties as vice-president of the Berkshire Fine Spinning Associates. I would like to see a meeting of the Fine Spinning Associates. I never even have seen a dervish. Naturally I would be fascinated by his story of the Sherrill genealogy, upon which the General published a book as recently as 1932. Remember? Then, over our Baked Alaska, we would arrive at the thing nearest the General's heart: Fascism the Fascinating. Surely it wasn't only the tact of the former diplomat that made the General exclaim recently in Rome that what the United States needed was a man like Mussolini. Surely it is not merely his zeal for avoiding wounding the feelings of a friendly power that has the General giving the Nazis his assurance that the United States will be represented at Berlin and Garmisch-Partenkirschen, even if it has to be his own private team. Even though the General might be signing the check for this lunch, I hardly think I will be giving my usual $1,000 donation to the Olympic Fund.

Oh, Mr. Forsythe, it's all too, too bad. I wish I could get really angry at my mythical host, the General. But I can't You can't stir up real anger against the author of the delightful, if unread, Stained Glass series. Any man that sees Europe through stained glass. . . . And what the hell? Can we have such a thing as an *American* Olympic team after they made Jim Thorpe give up his medals?

If you want me to, when the General takes me to lunch I'll suggest that he not only run the team, but run on it. How beautiful with spiked shoes!

Yrs.

JOHN O'HARA.



C.C.C. Boys: "We're getting nearer to what the president wants."

DO YOU REALLY MEAN IT?

"We realize that life is different in 1935 from 1776."—*Herbert Hoover.*

"I believe it is possible for the League to stop war."—*Senator James P. Pope.*

"Whether I have a large fortune or not has made no difference to me."—*Charles M. Schwab.*

"I have in my heart a warm feeling for every Jew and every Catholic in the United States."—*Congressman Thomas D. Blanton.*

"Americans are now convinced our entry into the World War was a horrible mistake."—*Dr. Charles M. Sheldon.*

"Politics plays no part in job-giving."—*Congressman John G. O'Connor.*

"Business certainly is qualified to conduct its own affairs."—*Grover A. Whalen.*

"Stanford believes in intelligent freedom of expression."—*Leland W. Cutler.*

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Passion and Prices in Nazi Land

J. DICKTY

There was a Jewish teacher and
One hundred girls were close at hand
All ready for to fall,—
A long past master in deceit,
And they were innocent and sweet,
And so he raped them all.

We'd like to make it clear in rhyme
Whether the rapist took his time.
Alas, we do not know.
One ravished maid can cause a riot!
How did he keep the first ten quiet
With ninety more to go?

But since he raped so quick and fast
He got around from first to last,
We can at least inquire,—
The while he and the first were mating,
Were all the other lassies waiting
With terror—or desire?

For as a pebble hits the pool
And ripples all the waters cool
The love of Jews must be,—
As more and more the water swirls,
Just so the ranks of ravished girls
Increase in Germany.

How great the powers of the Jew
If this fantastic tale is true;
Although it well may be,
As I have often heard it said,
The Aryan man is underfed
In Nazi Germany.

Aryans! Behold the rising price
Of fruit and meat and lemon ice.
A fellow's got to eat.
Aryans! Get rid of Hitler and
You'll get the price of food in hand,
And fatten and compete.

Oh, Aryan fellows, realize
What's going on before your eyes,
You poor unmated tramps.
Your powers are so underrated
That Germany keeps populated
Through concentration camps.

"And what shall we name the child?" *William Steig*

BERLIN BULLETIN

Dear Mr. Brundage:

I know you will be glad to hear that things are going well with the winter games. We have just had the tryouts for the German team at Garmisch-Partenkirchen. Personally I do not care for skiing. One ski is bad; two skis are vicious. Next to roller skates, skis.

If there are any Americans who still feel that the Jews will not have every advantage, they should have been here with me. To make everything fair, we handicapped the Aryans. The Aryans had two skis and suffered great difficulty in getting tangled up. In the long jumps, the Jews were given the privilege of wearing only one ski. They started at the top of the jump with the assistance of the officials, took off in full flight and were met by an ambulance at the foot of the slide. Even so, no Jews qualified. I'm afraid the Jews are not good athletes.

We have other good news for you about the games in July. In case a Jewish runner wins a race, he will proceed at top speed over the finish line, head for a little gate at the end of the stadium and thence directly to Prague, Czechoslovakia, where he will receive his reward, if not sooner. Until July, then. *Auf-wiedersehn.*

LEWALD.

CLERICAL CRAPE

"No man has a right to expect life to be just to him."—*The Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick.*

"Why not give Mussolini credit for the good he might do?"—*Bishop J. T. McNally.*

"Did any one thank God for the ideal vacation weather the past week?"—*The Rev. Christian F. Reisner.*

"There is little difference between birth control organizations and the Dillinger mob."—*Archbishop J. G. Gregory.*

"If I had ever voted for a candidate from the Socialist Party, I would go at once and buy up all the Ivory soap in New York City."—*Rev. Earle G. Griffith.*

"Some of the biggest men in the country are Presbyterians."—*The Rev. Henry B. Master.*

W. E. FARBSTEIN.

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Red Nettles

HARRY THORNTON MOORE

(Those familiar with The Red Network, *in which Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling, Patriot and Puritan of Kenilworth, Illinois, publishes a list of contemporary "menaces," will perhaps be glad to have this list extended back into history. This present list does not pretend to be exhaustive.)*

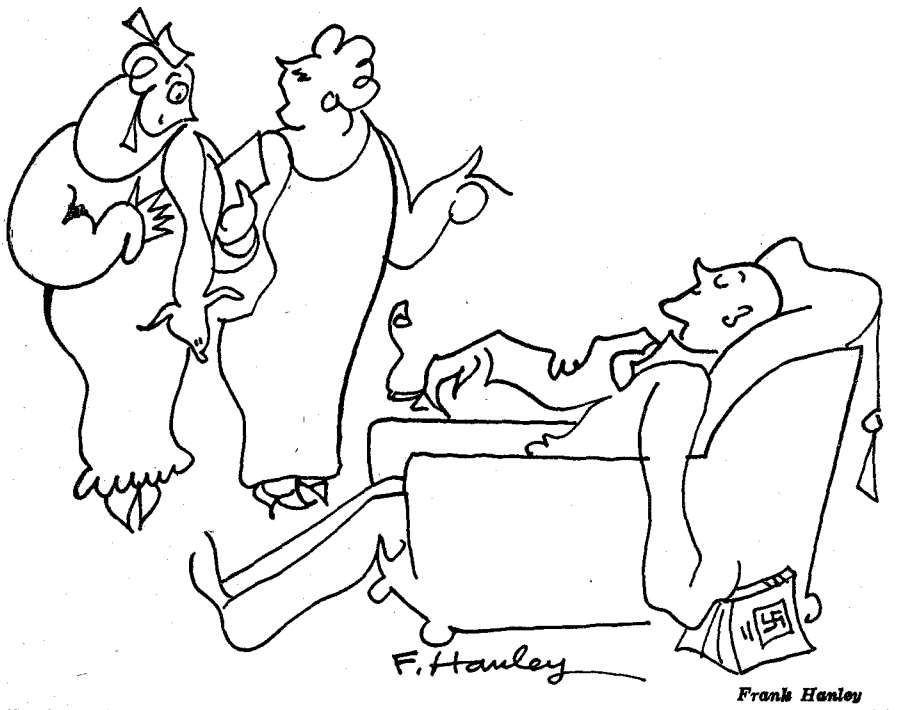
Aristophanes: Ancient Athenian writer of immoral comedies recommending Pacifism.

François Marie Arouet, alias *Voltaire:* Radical philosopher and free-thinker of eighteenth century; wrote immoral novel *Candide,* which ridicules optimism. Much of his life spent in exile; probably helped prepare the French mind for revolution. Prison record.

George Gordon, Lord Byron: Immoral nineteenth-century poet, exploiter of free love; wrote *Childe Harold, Don Juan,* and other notorious poems celebrating licentiousness. Also wrote revolutionary poetry; died while aiding Greek revolt.

Heinrich Heine: Infamous advocate of free love; lured from his native Germany to Paris by success of revolution of 1830; was supported for a dozen or so years by secret fund for "political refugees"; died an outcast in a Paris garret. His works were ordered banned in 1835 by the German Bund; a hundred years later the present German government also finds them unfit. Jew.

Victor Hugo: Nineteenth-century French "liberal" and "humanitarian"; exiled by Louis Napoleon, forced out of his native land for eighteen years. Wrote books audaciously defending the poor; lent moral support to Commune of 1871.



Frank Hanley

"He's waiting for fascism.... The professors say he has a perfect Nordic skull."

Thomas Jefferson: Revolutionary American agitator of eighteenth century; author of notorious pamphlet, *A Summary View of the Rights of America,* from which was later drafted the insidious Declaration of Independence, that "all men are created equal," and, a document declaring that "it is the Right of the People to alter or abolish" any existing "Form of Government" which becomes destructive of the "unalienable Rights" of "Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness."

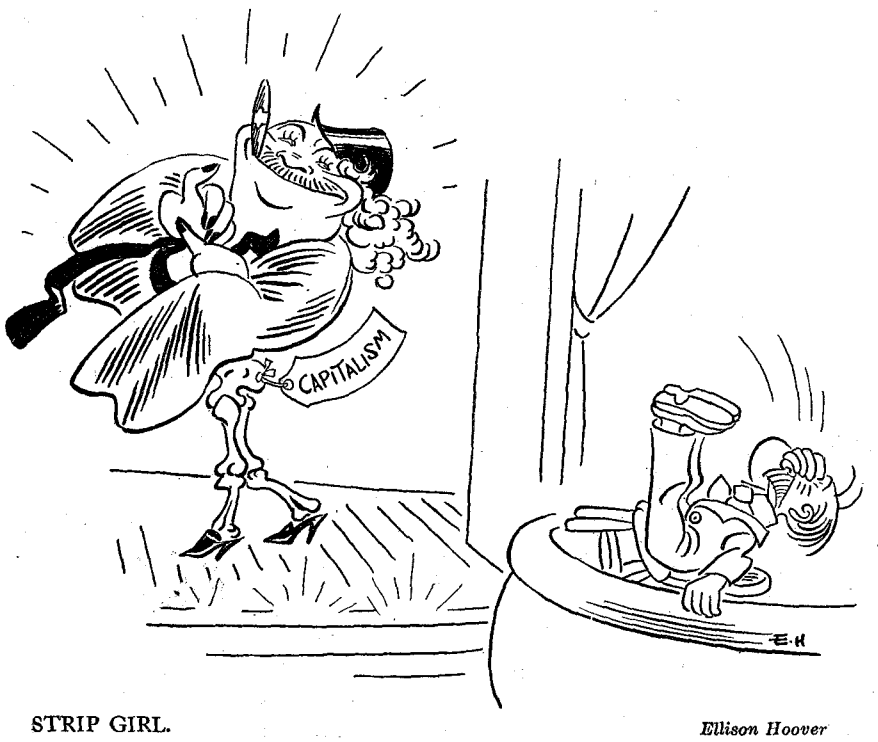
Jesus of Nazareth, alias the *Christ*: Vagrant ex-carpenter; Jew; anarchist; vituperated the rich; put to death by honest citizens of Judea. Organized the unemployed, etc. Teacher of notorious propagandist Saul (alias Paul) of Tarsus, who was beheaded by Nero.

John Milton: Wrote licentious Garden of Eden scenes in *Paradise Lost,* an epic secretly glorifying the revolutionary activities of Satan. Wrote pamphlets defending divorce and freedom of the press; was Latin Secretary and friend of Oliver Cromwell, the revolutionist who overthrew the British aristocracy in seventeenth century.

William Shakespeare: Profligate drunkard of time of Queen Elizabeth; frequenter of taverns and advocate of free love; wrote immoral plays which have to be bowdlerized before they can be studied by high-school students. Author of infamous play *Richard II,* concerning the overthrow of a sovereign, a play which the sympathizers with the Earl of Essex caused to be performed at the time of the Essex Rebellion as an inciter of the populace, which performance resulted in a court reprimand for the Globe players. Also wrote *Coriolanus,* which nearly caused civil war and revolution when presented in Paris in 1933.

Henry David Thoreau: Dangerous American anarchist who opposed war with Mexico; jailed for refusing to pay taxes. Wrote seditious essay *On the Duty of Civil Disobedience* which, among treasonous utterances, states that "under a government which imprisons any unjustly, the true place for a just man is also a prison."

George Washington: Revolutionary general in American war of independence; traitor to land of allegiance, England; consorted with such vicious agitators as John Jay, Thomas Jefferson (*q.v.*), Patrick Henry, *et al.* First "president" of presumptuous Republic founded upon ideals of freedom.



STRIP GIRL. *Ellison Hoover*

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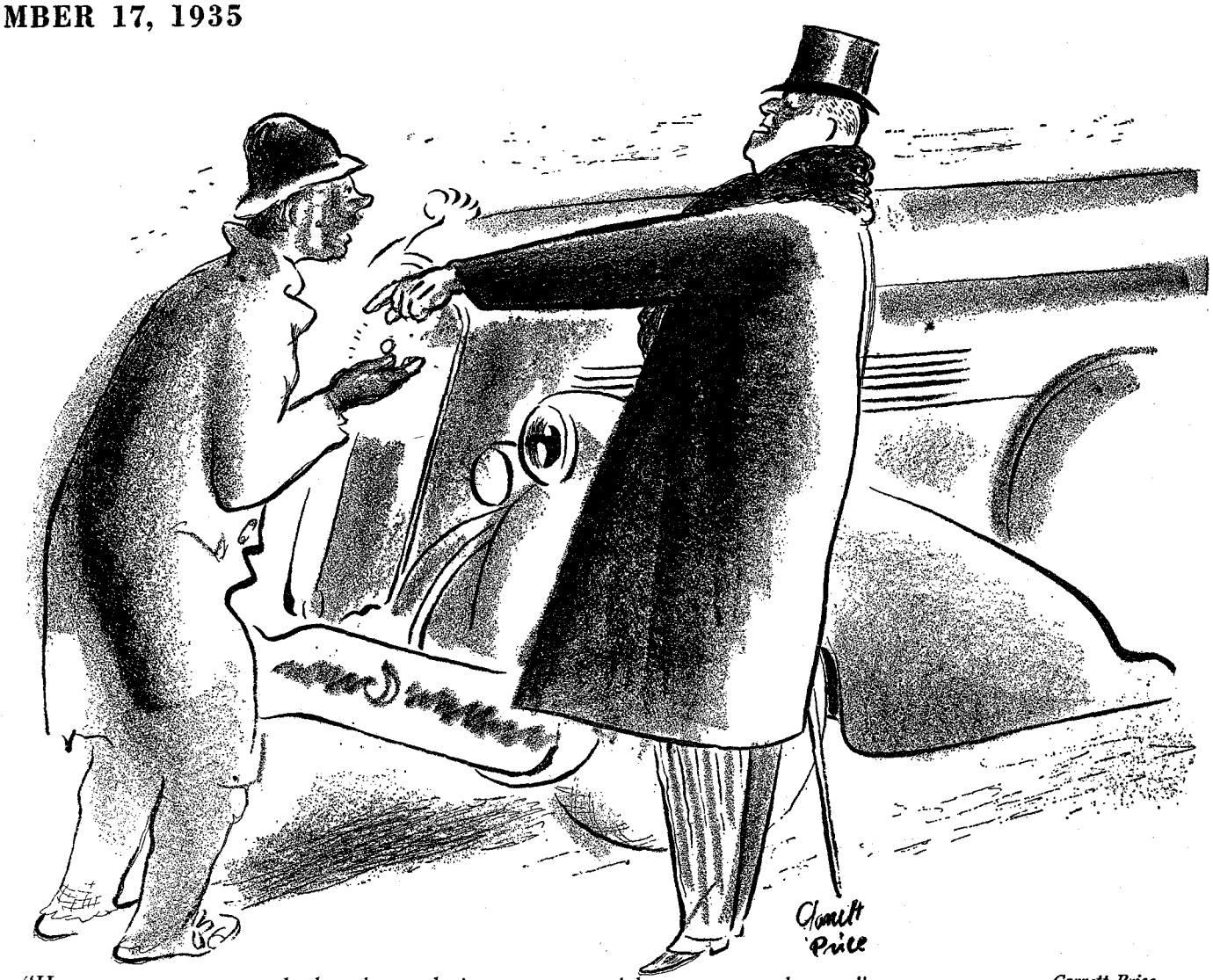

"Here you are my man, and when the revolution comes you might—er—remember me." *Garrett Price*

War Fever

LAWRENCE LIPTON

According to the learned gents who write for the smart sheets and the "quality group" magazines, on "the psychological approach to the problem of war," men fight——

1. Because They're Bored

Jarmin Slite itched to fight,
Because it drove him to distraction,
To be a clerk with office work,
When what he really craved was action;

Half alive, from nine to five,
He messed with filing guides, and then,
Put on his hat, went home and sat,
Grew sleepy and retired at ten;

Yet strange to state he had a trait
That only certain authors spied—
He bathed in mud and human blood,
And plotted wholesale homicide.

For Mr. Slite, one summer night,
Came home from work all meek and mild,
Hung up his hat, stroked the cat,
And kissed his loving wife and child,

Sat down to sup and then got up
From chicken with old fashioned gravy,
Went out to sea from sheer ennui
And sank the whole damn British navy.

2. Because They're Really Murderers at Heart

Hermann Blume pushed a broom,
And gathered papers in a can,
And seemed to all appearances
A law-abiding workingman;

But out of sight in dead of night,
When he thought that no one saw,
Took Jewish tears and Frenchman's ears,
And mixed them with his cabbage slaw;

And while he dined he eased his mind
By sticking pins and needles too
Into Rand McNally maps
Of Waikiki and Timbuctu;

Nor did his hate one bit abate,
But grew and grew and grew until
His will was powerless to control
His psychologic yen to kill;

So Mr. Blume snatched up his broom,
Clicked his heels and swiftly darted
Through the door and off to war—
And soon his guts and soul were parted.

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Wall Street's Prayer to Father Coughlin

ALBERT RAFFI

Bless us, father,
forgive us our sins.

We adore your sweet blather,
we wish you were twins.

The Committee for the Nation
invites you to the beach.

Lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us your speech.

Help us, Redeemer,
to keep off the cold,
and to kill the blasphemer
who would plunder our gold.

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,
hallowed be thy name.
When everything we want is won,
you can take the blame.

Lead us down to quiet waters
where we may quench our thirst.

The Reds are grabbing off our daughters—
get in touch with Willie Hearst!

Suffer all the kiddies,
kiss them one by one—
dress them up in purple middies,
and give them each a gun.

Make us worthy of thy love,
O Prince of Peace, thy tender cares.

While you take care of things above,
we'll watch the price of silver shares.

Give us this day our daily bread,
and plenty more.

Pray for us when we are dead,
but profit us before.

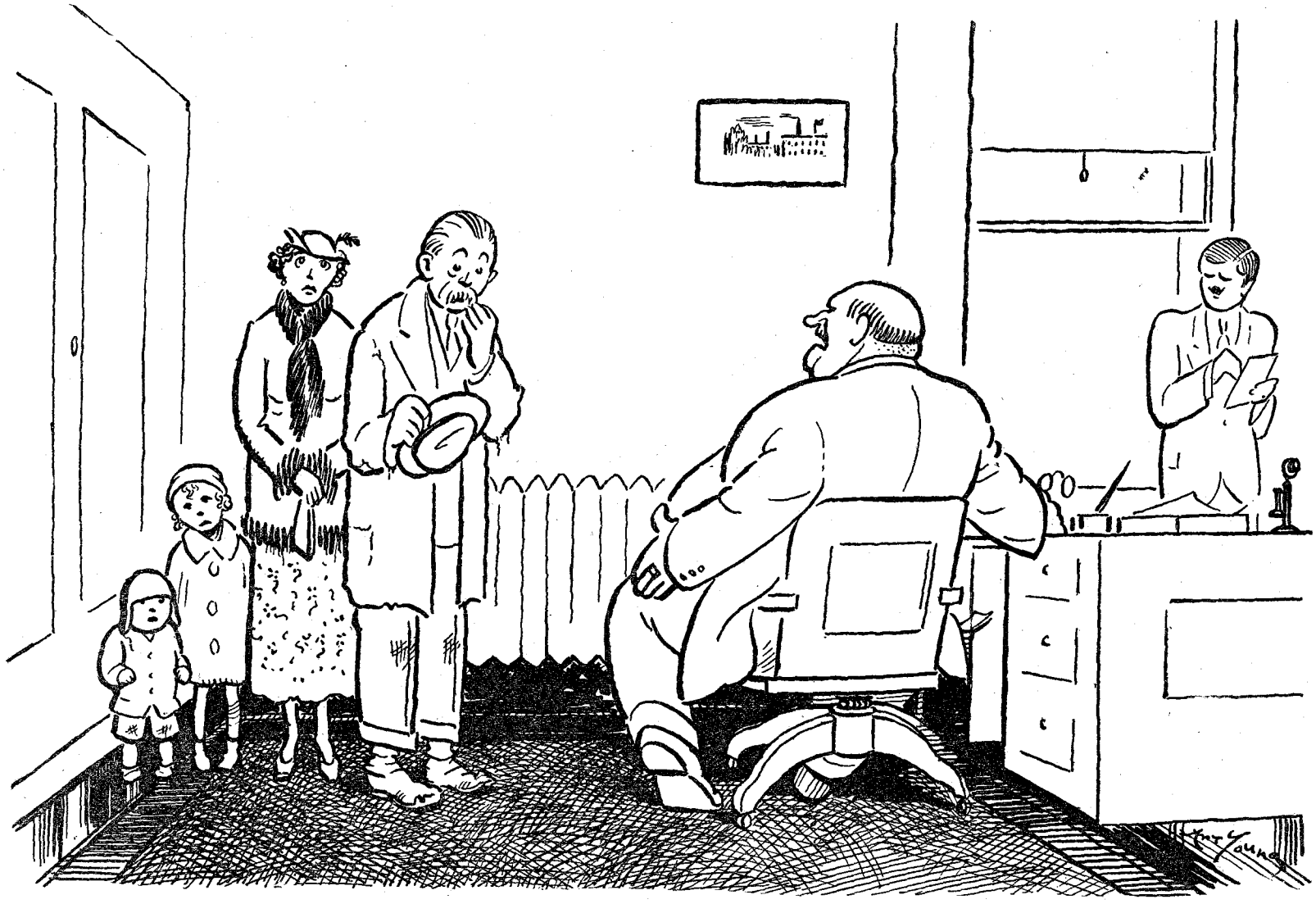
Give us their pay
the overfed
give us this day
their daily bread.

We bow before you, Sage of Sages;
we bring you gifts of bonds and shares.

Tell those men who want more wages
to trust in God and say their prayers.

Make us, father, free from worry,
promise us the sun will shine.

We're in a fix, you'd better hurry,
and give us proof that you're divine!



"What do you mean—asking for a job and bringing your family with you—collective bargaining, eh?" *Art Young*

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Shots in the Arm

W. E. FARBSTEIN

"The poor are poorer and more unhappy when there are no rich."—*Agha Khan.*

"I appeal to you listeners to keep away from government jobs, pensions and relief."—*Roger W. Babson.*

"It is a great mistake to say we have a property or privileged class."—*Alfred E. Smith.*

"The American people want too much."—*John N. Willys.*

"You should be suspicious of any proposal that asks you to forego the rightful exercise of your muscles."—*Herbert Hoover.*

EUGENE-ICS

"If I were Dictator, I'd tear down nine-tenths of the buildings in Washington."—*Gov. Eugene Talmadge.*

"I'm going to have advisers who never went beyond the Eighth Grade."—*Gov. Eugene Talmadge.*

"Whatever else might be said of Huey Long, he never practiced deception."—*Gov. Eugene Talmadge.*

EUREKA:

The perfect solution to the salute-the-flag argument has been found:

PROPOSED TWENTY-SECOND AMENDMENT

to the Constitution of the United States.

Section 1. No resident of the United States shall be permitted to salute the flag of the United States unless he shall have first obtained a certificate of express permission from the Office of the President of the United States.

Section 2. Congress is hereby empowered to establish fines and prison sentences for any violation of the above section.

PATHETIC REMARKS

"I get pretty lonesome for boxing."—*James A. Farley.*

"I shrink from such words as 'capitalism'."—*Mark Sullivan.*

"Business men are not all morons."—*Arthur Brisbane.*

"Soaking the rich is in no sense statesmanlike."—*Senator Elbert D. Thomas.*

"Radicals and a certain type of politician are laboring to create the impression that electric rates are too high."—*George B. Cortelyou.*

Aime Gauvin

"Here we are, all set to take over the government and he can't decide whether he wants to look like Hitler, Mussolini or Napoleon!"

MAGNA CUM LAUDE

I.

"The man who has the highest estimation of Congress and the respect of its members is JAMES A. FARLEY."—*Senator James Hamilton Lewis.*

II.

"America is fortunate in numbering among its citizenship a man possessed of the courage, wisdom and vision of WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST."—*Gov. James Curley.*

FASCIST RECIPE

(*Shake well before using*)

A bulge of the nostril,
  A jut of the jaw,
A glare of the eye,
  An explosive tirade,
A fist in the air
  And a fearful grimace—
And another Dictator
  Is made.

EXPRESSION OF CONFIDENCE

In The Hon. Hamilton Fish, Jr.

Hamilton Fish I much enjoy—
  That lover of the Constitution,
Old Glory and the Soldier Boy,
  Without a sign of diminution.

Therefore, to hear the rumor hurts
  That he is by ambition bit-o
To lead a flock of colored shirts
  Like Oswald, Adolf and Benito.

For Ham's as shrewd as he's sublime,
  And cool as he's idealistic—
And he would never waste his time
  Pursuing a mirage Fascistic.

Hitler has come out strongly against the scientific practice of vivisection of animals. And Germany is now the one land on the globe in which *dogs are treated like human beings, and human beings like dogs.*

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"Thunder Over Alma Mater"

The Rover Boys and the Young Radicals

S. J. PERELMAN

"IT'S up to us to crush this Red menace, fellows!"

The speaker was none other than our old friend Tom Rover, and as he looked into the intent faces of his classmates, his eyes flashed fire. For once the Rover Boys, fun-loving Dick and serious-minded Tom, were united in a common purpose. Not in years had the hoary walls and storied elms of old Effluvia College been threatened with such a crisis. But let us hear it from Tom Rover's own lips as he awakened his fellow-students to the danger facing them:

"I found out just in the nick of time," vouchsafed Tom in manly tones, producng several newspaper clippings. "These sneaking Reds have been plotting a revolution right here in old Effluvia! Certain weak-minded members of the faculty, goaded on by insidious alien doctrines and abetted by unscrupulous students, are preparing to seize power, set up a soviet in the Administration Building, and nationalize the girls of Sweetbread Hall!" The collegians exchanged startled glances, but Tom's charges were irrefutable, for everything he said was supported by the clippings from the Hearst papers he held in his hand.

"This is an unexpected turn of affairs," frowned Dick gravely. "Who is responsible for this disloyalty to our ideals and institutions?" Tom's sense of sportsmanship would have prevented him from replying, but at this juncture the culprit revealed himself unwittingly. Muttering a coarse oath, skulking Dan Baxter, followed by several of his toadies, slunk from the hall. Seizing the opportunity, Tom followed up his advantage.

"As you know, men," he continued, "one worm in an apple is often enough to spoil a whole barrel." His epigram was not lost on his hearers, as several appreciative chuckles testified. "This hulking bully whom you all know as Dan Baxter is really Dan Baxtrovitch, a notorious single-taxer, anarchist, and firebrand who has been sent here by Moscow to foment discord in the ranks of American youth." At his mention of Moscow, his audience recognized the name of a poorly-ventilated city in Russia which the unsuccessful revolutionaries were using as a base. Fortunately its downfall was imminent, as the gentle but firm armies of several nations were on their way to deliver its cowed inhabitants from a reign of terror.

"These ruffians will stick at nothing," declared Tom, compressing his lips. "Hourly they are widening the rift between capital and labor and swaying the freshmen. They use specious arguments such as our twelve million unemployed, when everybody knows that there are more than enough jobs to go around if the lazy scum would only work. But their real designs are even more loathesome. They are scheming to divide up our allowances evenly, convert our football team into shock troops, and force us to subsist on beet soup!" A great roar of protest welled up from his listeners as they realized how the subversive forces had been boring from within.

"Is there still time to outwit these destructive elements?" demanded Tom's cronies in determined accents.

"If we hurry," returned Tom, alive to his responsibility. "Come closer, fellows."

With a will his friends gathered in a resolute little knot around him and in hurried whispers prepared a plan of battle to combat the impending menace to dear old Effluvia.

THE college librarian blinked in surprise as the door of the reading-rom swung open and a group of earnest students entered. In a trice he was courteously trussed up like a fowl by several juniors while the rest of the unit searched the shelves for incendiary literature and carried it outside to the waiting bonfire. Soon the works of a number of inflammatory and un-American writers of the crazy so-called "modern" school such as Sherwood Anderson, John Dos Passos, and Carl Sandberg were swelling the blaze amid the vociferous applause of the student body. Alert and clear-eyed volunteers joined enthusiastically in the hunt and gave vent to righteous wrath as volumes of "dry-as-dust" economics and sociology by firebrands like Veblen and Babbitt advocating the overthrow of democracy crackled into ashes.

Meanwhile another band of stalwart athletes led by Dick Rover had cornered several of the younger professors in the English department, who had openly been inciting underclassmen to revolt by sponsoring collective bargaining. The pitiable wretches were given an opportunity to recant by their gentlemanly captors but countered with stubborn refusals. Only when a copy of The Nation was found secreted under a pillow did the vigilantes' patience come to an end, and after some innocent horseplay involving castor-oil and a rubber hose, the cowardly "intelligentsia" admitted their mistake. Some of the more exuberant youngsters were for riding the offenders out of town on a rail, but under the restraining hand of Dick Rover, the chop-fallen radicals were allowed to take the oath of allegiance and remove their coats of tar and feathers.

Fifteen miles out of town Tom Rover, bending low over the wheel of his speedy rocket car, glanced hurriedly at his wrist-watch and raced forward through the darkness. Would he be in time? One of Dan Baxtrovitch's minions had confessed that beautiful Eunice Haverstraw, head of the Sweetbread soccer team, had been abducted to a low roadhouse by his leader. Tom uttered a silent prayer and pressed the throttle to the floor.

Baxtrovitch, his coarse features suffused with vodka, had pinned Eunice in his non-Aryan embrace and was attempting to rain kisses on her averted face. Plucky albeit she was, Eunice's cries echoed in vain in the sound-proofed room. She was almost losing consciousness when the door crashed inward under Tom Rover's powerful shoulders. Crossing the floor at a bound, he drove several telling blows into Baxtrovitch's kidneys. Flaccid from years of easy living, Baxtrovitch realized he was through preying on young American womanhood and sank to the floor, shamming a dead faint. But close on Tom's heels a party of his fellow-clansmen entered briskly, wearing conical soldier hats improvised from copies of the American Weekly and Time. The radical leader, who had hoped to escape by simulating unconsciousness, was securely bound and removed to face charges of syndicalism in California which had been pending for some time.

"Oh, Tom!" breathed Eunice, as she nestled in the protection of his brawny young arms, "I—I was afraid you might be too late!"

"Not Tom," came an unexpected voice. Turning, the pair descried the lineaments of elderly Job Haverstraw, head of the Haverstraw Woolen Mills, field officer of the Key Men of America, and Eunice's father. "I knew he'd be on the spot. Thank you, son," he added, his eyes suspiciously moist. Then a twinkle invaded them. "And after you're married, I'll need you as general manager of my plant. Some of the workmen have been grumbling about our fourteen-hour day, and I know you can set them an example of Americanism and fair play."

And there, face to face with success and their new destiny, let us leave them until the next episode, "THE ROVER BOYS AND THEIR YOUNG FINKS."

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John Reed in Czarist Russia

GRANVILLE HICKS

The preceding chapters described Reed's experiences on the Western Front and his impressions of New York in February and March, 1915. Forbidden to return to France, he decided to go to the Eastern Front, accompanied by Boardman Robinson, whom The Metropolitan Magazine employed to illustrate his articles. In the following chapter the account of Reed's and Robinson's difficulties in Russia has been somewhat condensed and two or three purely personal episodes have been eliminated.—G. H.

ON MARCH 24, 1915, John Reed and Boardman Robinson sailed for Naples. They expected to witness Italy's entrance into the war, but they grew impatient at the delay and went to Salonika. Here, where men talked twenty languages, they spoke with British agents, Armenian merchants and Greek boot-blacks from America. Sitting at a table in the Place de la Liberté, they watched Greek, French, English, Russian and Serbian officers, Greek priests, Musselman hadjis, Jewish rabbis, porters, fishermen and beggars. In the Street of the Silversmiths, bearded old men squatted on high benches and pounded lumps of raw silver. The markets were what Reed had dreamed of when he tramped New York's East Side: in the little booths, gold, blue and silver fish lay on green leaves, among baskets of eggs and piles of vegetables, and the voices of the bargainers rose above the cackling of hens and the squealing of pigs.

All day long refugees poured into the city. Everywhere Reed and Robinson met the pitiful processions of men, women and children, with bloody feet, limping beside broken-down wagons. The fighting in Turkey and the rumors of war in Bulgaria, Rumania and Greece filled the city with all the different peoples of the Near East. One night Reed and Robinson found their way into a little cafe, where

they were welcomed by seven refugees, Greeks, French, Italians, all of them carpenters and all engaged in celebrating the strange coincidence that had brought seven carpenters together in a Salonika inn. The two Americans celebrated with them, singing "John Brown's Body" to match the songs of Turkey and Arabia, Italy and Greece.

But the news from Constantinople promised no excitement, and they turned towards Serbia, "the country of the typhus—abdominal typhus, recurrent fever and the mysterious and violent spotted fever, which kills fifty percent of its victims." The epidemic was ending: "Now there were only a hundred thousand sick in all Serbia, and only a thousand deaths a day." But an American from the Standard Oil office, who came to see them off, asked solicitously, "Do you want the remains shipped home, or shall we have you buried up there?"

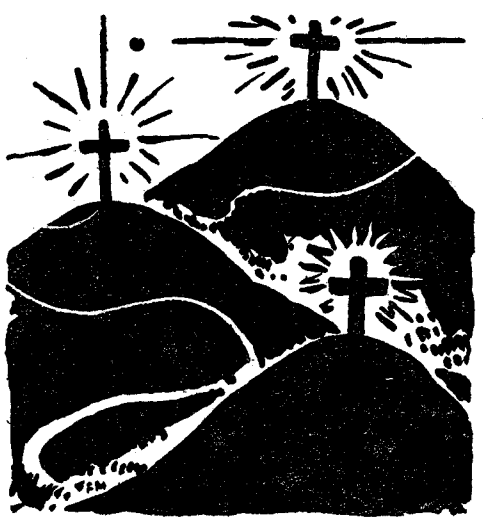
They crawled slowly up between barren hills along the yellow torrent of the Vardar, while a lieutenant in the British Medical Mission described the plague as it had been at its height. The gorge of the Vardar broadened out into a wide valley rimmed with stony hills, beyond which lay high mountains. In the valley, crossed by irrigation ditches, every foot was under cultivation, and on the bare slopes of the hills bearded peasants watched sheep and goats. They came to a typhus cemetery beside the railroad, with thousands and thousands of crosses, and at last they arrived at Nish, war-capital of Serbia.

Nish was a city of mud, appalling stench, sickness and death. Everywhere there were soldiers, in filthy tatters, their feet bound with rags, some staggering on crutches, many still blue and shaking from the typhus. Austrian prisoners worked as servants or manual laborers or loitered desolately about the streets. In the typhus hospital, so crowded that cots touched each other, men writhed under dirty blankets or lay apathetically awaiting death. Reed and Robinson passed through fetid ward after fetid ward, until their stomachs could stand no more.

As they left Nish to go to the front, they heard again and again the story of the Serbian victory of December: how the Austrians had twice invaded the country and twice been hurled back, and how, as they came the third time, with twice as many men as the Serbs, they had steadily advanced beyond Belgrade and then, suddenly, had been repulsed and slaughtered, until the Serbian general could proudly announce, "There remain no Austrian soldiers on Serbian soil except prisoners." Reed admired the courage of the Serbian people and their savage independence, and he could almost make himself believe they were as romantic as the followers of Villa, but, after all that he had seen, their nationalism, so arrogant in its claims, so pervasive in its influence, seemed to him both objectionable and absurd.

Belgrade, which the Serbs had tried to make into a modern European city, showed the effect of the bombardment. The university was in ruins; a shell had exploded within the walls of the military college; the interior of the royal palace had been gutted; the two top floors of a five-story office-building had been blown off; everywhere there were private houses without a single pane of glass. The city was still within the range of the Austrian guns and there had been a bombardment within the past few days. From the hills behind the town, French, English, Russian and Serbian batteries fired sporadically over the heads of the inhabitants.

They went up the Save by boat, under fire from an Austrian cannon, and then pushed on towards the front by wagon. In every village they heard stories of Austrian atrocities and saw reports, affidavits, photographs. At Lechnitza a hundred women and children were chained together and their heads struck off. At Prnjavor Reed saw the ruins of a house; into that house the inhabitants of the village had been crowded, those



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for whom there was no room being tied on the outside and the building had been burned. Five undefended towns were razed to the ground and forty-two villages were sacked and most of their inhabitants massacred.

On the top of Goutchevo Mountain Reed saw what he regarded as the most ghastly spectacle of the war. There was an open space, where, scarcely twenty yards apart, were the Austrian and Serbian trenches. Along the trenches were occasional deep pits, the results of successful undermining and dynamiting. Between the trenches were little mounds, from which protruded pieces of uniform, skulls with draggled hair, white bones with rotting hands at the end, bloody bones sticking from boots. For six miles along the top of Goutchevo the dead were piled. Reed and Robinson walked on the dead and sometimes their feet sank through into pits of rotting flesh and crunching bones, and sometimes little holes opened and showed swarms of gray maggots.

At Obrenovatz they tried to forget the valley of the dead in the jovial company of the colonel and his staff. Over the cognac, Reed expressed a desire to talk with a Serbian Socialist and they took him to see the captain of one of the batteries. This man, who had been a lawyer in private life and a leader of the Socialist Party, had difficulty in recalling what, as a Socialist, he had believed. "You have no idea," he said, "how strange it is to be talking like this again!" Finally he said, "I have forgotten my arguments and I have lost my faith. For four years now I have been fighting in the Serbian army. At first I hated it, wanted to stop, was oppressed by the unreasonableness of it all. Now it is my job, my life. I spend all day thinking of those guns! I lie awake at night worrying about the battery. These things and my food, my bed, the weather—that is life to me. When I go home on leave to visit my wife and children, their existence seems so tame, so removed from realities. I get bored very soon and am relieved when the time comes to return to my friends here, my work—my guns. That is the horrible thing." Reed could agree; it was more horrible than even Goutchevo Mountain.

ON their return to Belgrade, Reed was suddenly attacked by an acute pain in his back, which was subsequently diagnosed as an infection of the kidney. After a fortnight the attacks became less frequent and less severe, though they bothered him sporadically throughout the remainder of his stay on the Eastern Front. Resting in Belgrade, Reed and Robinson had a chance to become better acquainted with both the Serbs and their allies. Serbian officers told them frankly that the government had known of the plan for the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand at Sarejevo and there were many references to Russian complicity. A British colonel explained that England had maneuvered to make Germany invade Belgium and would have sent its own army through Belgium if the maneuver had failed. In the face of the growing evidence of international greed and intrigue, Reed's phrase, "This traders' war," seemed the expression of innocent blindness; and yet he knew that, in America, the myth of Allied purity and German depravity daily gained new adherents.

By the end of May, it seemed clear that Serbia was going to provide as little action as they had seen in Italy or Salonika and they began to think of Russia. The Russian army had retreated more than two hundred miles; they would go and report the retreat. The Russian ambassador at Bucharest told them they would have to go to Petrograd for passes, but they had learned from returning correspondents that no passes were being issued. The American legation gave Reed a list of American citizens in Bucovina and Galicia and, since the list did not seem quite long enough, Reed added, for his own amusement, the names of Sonya Levien of The Metropolitan staff, Fanny Hurst and Walter Lippmann. The claim that they were investigating the situation of these Americans would, they hoped, satisfy any suspicious officials. They went to Dorohoi, the northern terminus of the Rumanian railway and the chief of police took them across the border to Novo Sielitza. They had got into Russia by the back door.

CAPTAIN MADJI, commandant of Novo Sielitza, welcomed them with Gargantuan hospitality and introduced them to his extraordinary household. About ten o'clock at night Captain Madji's wife began to get dinner. To sharpen the appetite, there were plates of sardines, smoked and raw herrings, tunny, caviar, sausage, shirred eggs and pickles, served with seven different kinds of liquor. Afterwards came great platters of corn-meal polenta and then chunks of pork and potatoes. It was midnight when the seven liquors were served again and they settled down to drink tea. Half-a-dozen officers told stories of the retreat, and Madji protested when, at one o'clock, Reed and Robinson spoke of going to their quarters.

They stayed in a Jewish home. There were Jews everywhere in Novo Sielitza,

bowed, thin men in rusty derbies and greasy long coats, with desperate eyes, cringing from police, soldiers and priests. Reed remembered the proclamation the Czar had issued soon after the beginning of the war, informing the Jews that all discrimination against them was to cease, that the highest rank of the army, the government and the nobility would be open to them. He thought of this in Novo Sielitza and asked a lieutenant in a Cossack regiment if the decree had been enforced. The lieutenant laughed and said, "Of course not. All Jews are traitors."

From Novo Sielitza they went to Zalezschick, where certain of the persons were supposed to live whose names had been given them by the Bucharest legation. Captain Madji secured a horse, wagon and driver for them and persuaded General Baikov to give them a pass. All day long they drove beside the river Pruta, behind the Russian batteries. Zalezschick, they learned, had been captured by the Russians, taken from them by the Hungarians and then recaptured. Each time the Jews had been persecuted and many of them massacred. The Americans on Reed's list who actually had lived in Zalezschick had apparently been among the victims of either the bombardments or the pogroms. Both the debris in the streets and the expression of terror and despair on the faces of most of the people bore witness to the horrors the city had seen.

The colonel in charge of Zalezschick received Reed and Robinson pleasantly and they spent the evening discussing politics, in fragmentary German, with him and his staff. He would not permit them to go to the front, but he arranged for them to see the general at Tarnapol. They slept that night on the train and woke stiff and cramped from the benches of the third-class car. An officer who knew French began to talk with them and told them that all Russia was supporting the war. The peasants, for example, were in favor of it because they realized they could get rid of poverty and oppression if they beat the Germans. "If the peasants are going to beat anyone," Robinson said to Reed, "why don't they begin at home?"

At Tarnapol they discovered that their presence in Russia was so astounding that the staff officer who interviewed them could

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scarcely convince himself that they were really there. General Lichinsky was friendly but insisted that they go to Lemberg to see the governor-general of Galicia. They were arrested four times in the course of the day but each time the staff released them. General Lichinsky had them cared for while they were in the city and sent them fare-free to Lemberg.

At Lemberg Prince Troubetskoi promised to do all he could for them and introduced them to the governor-general's first adjutant, who was very encouraging. They asked Troubetskoi if they could visit Przsemysl. "I'm so sorry," he said regretfully, "but the Austrians entered Przsemysl this morning." Finally they learned that the governor-general would do nothing for them; they could either go to Petrograd or try to get the permission of General Ivanov at Cholm to visit the front. They hated to leave the front without a glimpse of the fighting and they chose to go to Cholm.

It took them two days to get there, traveling third-class or on hospital trains, sleeping on wooden benches, eating badly or not at all and waiting for hours in obscure railway stations. One of the stops was at Rovno and it was there that Reed learned what the Pale was like. They were arrested several times, but always released. On the last stretch they found a Russian officer who spoke English and who told them tales of Russian inefficiency. The regiment in which he served had arrived in Poland after three nights with almost no sleep and two days with almost no food. The general had immediately ordered them into action and they were in the trenches for four days. They were so exhausted that they could not resist the German attack and twelve hundred of them went to the hospital. "But the amusing thing about it," he concluded, "was that all the time we were being butchered out there, there were six fresh regiments being held in reserve two miles away! What on earth do you suppose the general was thinking of?"

As they found their way to what was called the English Hotel, though no one spoke English there, they were so confident of winning General Ivanov's permission to go to the front that they argued about the

kind of battle they wanted to see. Robinson hankered for an infantry charge; Reed stuck out for a ride with raiding Cossacks. But the next morning a staff officer very politely told them that he would have to telegraph the Grand Duke. It was only a matter of a few hours, he assured them and they went back to their room. A little later an officer arrived and asked them for their papers. It was a mere formality, he insisted; the Grand Duke had not been heard from, but without doubt he would soon reply and they could proceed to the front. They were not under arrest, the officer told them, but he left three guards outside their door.

Protests were of no avail, but at last an officer explained the situation. They had violated a strict regulation by coming to Cholm. The officers who had sent them on, step by step, would be punished, but that did not excuse them. The Grand Duke had ordered them to be held under guard. They were in an attic room, hot and uncomfortable. The food was bad. They had no opportunity to exercise and nothing to read. They could not leave the room except to go to the toilet and then a Cossack accompanied them. The Cossacks were friendly and there were usually half a dozen of them in the room, talking with the aid of the French-Russian dictionary, marvelling at Robinson's drawings, arguing among themselves—with only mild academic interest—as to whether the captives were German spies or not. There was only one who was at all obnoxious and when Reed threw him downstairs, the others were delighted.

Fourteen days they spent in that hot attic room, with nothing to do but engage in difficult conversation with the Cossack or watch the life of the Jewish section from their window. Reed wrote poems, planned a novel, played double-dummy bridge with Robinson and fretted. They wrote telegrams to the British and American ambassadors and to Hovey, but the officials did not dispatch them. Finally a telegram was delivered to the American ambassador, who replied that he had learned from the Department of Foreign Affairs that they were to be sent to Petrograd. They waited two more days and then, when Reed was fully convinced that he was going to go crazy, a colonel appeared and freed them.

The colonel gave them the impression that they could either return to Bucharest or go on to Petrograd, where they might be able to get passes for the front. Believing their detention to have been due to a misunderstanding and still eager to see the battle, they proceeded to Petrograd. Although they had been assured that they were free, they observed that their compartment was guarded and at each station an inspector made sure that they had not disappeared.

As soon as they reached Petrograd, Reed went to see the ambassador, George T. Marye, who told him that he had been in danger of being courtmartialed and shot. Reed naturally assumed that Marye would attempt

to explain matters to the Russian government but the ambassador merely shook his head and said he was helpless. For nearly two weeks, Robinson and Reed were followed everywhere by spies, and still there was no word as to what the Russians intended to do. Apparently the various officers who had let them go as far as Cholm had seriously blundered and now the government was trying to cover up these blunders. Finally word came that they were to leave for Vladivostok within twenty-four hours. Robinson, who had been born in Canada, appealed to the British ambassador and Sir George Buchanan protested so strongly to Sazanov that the order was cancelled and they were permitted to go to Bucharest.

ALL their notes had been taken from them and, as soon as they had reached Bucharest, they set to work to record their impressions. Casting up the balance sheet of his Russian experiences, Reed found much to like. He liked the broad-gauge railways, with the wide, tall cars and long, comfortable berths. They belonged to the amazing countryside through which the trains passed: leagues and leagues of ancient forest; thatched towns hours apart; fields, golden-heavy with wheat, stretching as far as the eye could see. The spirit of the people matched the country. "Russian ideals are the most exhilarating," Reed wrote, "Russian thought the freest, Russian art the most exuberant; Russian food and drink are to me the best, and Russians themselves are, perhaps, the most interesting human beings that exist." The Russian sense of space and time pleased him: "In America we are the possessors of a great empire—but we live as if this were a crowded island like England, where our civilization came from. Our streets are narrow and our cities congested. . . . Russia is also a great empire; but there the people live as if they knew it were one." And he liked the freedom of the Russians from the conventions and traditions of the western world: "Everyone acts just as he feels like acting and says just what he wants to. There are no particular times for getting up or going to bed or eating dinner and there is no conventional way of murdering a man, or of making love."

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He disliked the constant sense of being spied upon, though the antics of the secret police often amused him. He was staggered by the revelations of graft, so freely talked about by the people he met: seventeen million bushels of wheat that had disappeared; a battleship paid for but never built; a fort that existed only on paper. Foreigners described the elaborate processes of bribery that were a part of every business transaction. Exposures led to the execution of some officials and the exiling of others, but the graft went on. And he was horrified by the treatment of the Jews, the shameless violation of the Czar's pledges, the frank clamor for further persecution and more terrible oppression.

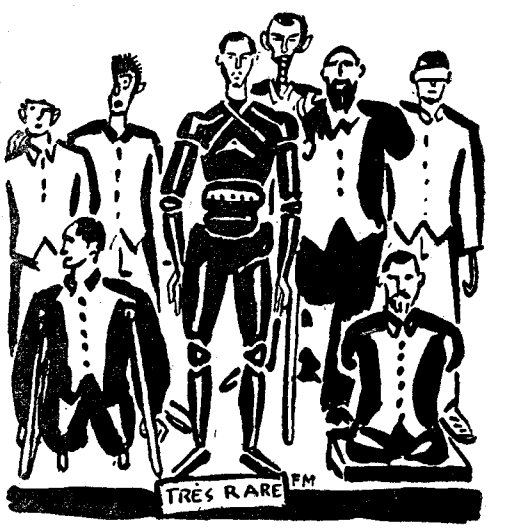
He observed that the middle class was eagerly supporting the war. Through their hold upon the court and the aristocracy, the Germans had made Russia almost a commercial colony and Russian business men were eager to throw off the double burden of German exploitation and imperial corruption. For the moment the workers and even, in a vague way, the peasants were supporting them. But there had been many strikes in the early months of the war and, though they had been cruelly suppressed, there was still talk of further uprisings. The revolutionaries were active, in the face of terror, and even a casual visitor caught a glimpse of what they were doing to prepare the people for the overthrow of the Czar. It was a mysterious country and Reed felt unwilling to prophesy, but he crossed the border with a strong conviction that violent change could not long be postponed in Russia.

He wrote down his impressions in his room in the Athenee Palace Hotel, while Robinson worked in the adjoining room at his sketches. At intervals they would examine each other's work. Often Robinson would say, "But it didn't happen this way; it happened that way." Reed would explode. Crying, "What the hell difference does it make?" he would seize one of Robinson's sketches. "She didn't have a bundle as big as that," he would say; or, "He didn't have a full beard." Robinson would explain that he wasn't interested in photographic accuracy; he was trying to give the right impression. "Exactly," Reed would shout in triumph, "that is just what I am trying to do."

He did not hesitate to alter or even to invent. He might tell as if it had happened to him something that he had learned at second-hand. His deviations from factual accuracy were not, as they might have been with another man, the result of failures of his powers of observations, for his eyes and his memory were almost perfect. His alterations and inventions were the deliberate result of a determination to give the reader precisely the impression he had received. If, in describing his visit to the hospital at Lille, he had said that a soldier threw his iron cross on the floor, whereas actually the man had laid it on his bed, it was because he detected in the soldier's manner a suggestion of contempt that could only be conveyed to the reader in the terms of a more violent gesture. So, as he worked on his stories of Russia, he strove for the fidelity of the artist rather than the accuracy of the statistician and Robinson could testify that the essential veracity of his stories was extraordinary.

When Reed had finished his articles, he started out for Constantinople—alone because Robinson, as a British subject, could not enter Turkey. From Sofia he sent back a postcard, predicting that Bulgaria would enter the war on the side of the Central Powers. There were men of all nations on the Constantinople train as it left Sofia and he noticed how naturally the French and English mingled with the Germans and Austrians, how easily the old habit of international intimacy reasserted itself. But in the morning the English, French and Russians had disappeared, for the train had entered the Turkish Empire and was driving south across flat, bare, sun-baked plains. Late in the afternoon, troop trains appeared, filled with Arabs, and at midnight Reed was in Constantinople.

He awoke the next morning to hear an immense lazy roar, the sound of shuffling slippers, the bellow of peddlers, the barking of dogs, the droning of schoolboys. From the balcony he could see the tangle of wooden houses, the Golden Horn with a few yachts and cruisers and swarms of little boats and Stamboul's seven hills and innumerable



mosques. Before he set out with his guide, the porter informed him that the police had been making inquiries, but Reed was used to the police. Daoud Bey, a wealthy young Turk to whom he had a letter of introduction, led him through the European section and the crowded square to the bridge across the Bosphorus. The drawbridge was up and Daoud Bey hired a boat to take them to Stamboul. On the other side, they pressed through the crowd of peddlers, pilgrims, merchants, porters and soldiers. Daoud Bey showed him the bazaars and in one of the booths, with the air strong with scent of drugs, perfumes, herbs and love philters, they had coffee and cigarettes. They wandered through intricate, winding streets, across the quiet courtyards of the great mosques, in and out of bazaars. They dined in a garden in Pera, watching the German and Austrian officers, civilian officials, merchants and American sailors as they strolled by. At night they returned to Stamboul and saw an open-air vaudeville show. It was almost impossible to remember that, just out of hearing, were the guns of Gallipoli, but that night, on his way back to his hotel, Reed caught a glimpse of ambulances bringing the wounded from a Red Crescent ship to the hospital.

He had hoped to be allowed to go to the front, but after waiting day after day at the war department, the department of foreign affairs, the press bureau and the police department, after being told on one day to get an identification card from the American embassy and on the next to present a photograph, after being sent from bureau to consulate and from consulate to bureau and after finally learning that the documents he had so arduously collected had been mislaid, he gave up the attempt and contented himself with interviewing Achmet Effendi, a prince of the imperial blood, seventh in line for the Sultanate. In an abandoned English villa, after much preliminary exchange of courtesies, Reed met a dumpy, bloated little man in a gray cutaway suit, who asked him questions about New York and told him nothing.

Once more Reed had been disappointed. After two weeks' delay, Enver Pasha told him that he could not go to the front and he

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was unofficially notified that he had better leave Turkey. At the Bulgarian frontier he was halted and told to return to Constantinople because his passport was not properly made out. Instead, Reed waited until the train was leaving the station and then jumped aboard. He spent the night in toilets, on tops of cars, in the tender and on the rods. Several times the train was halted and searched, but he managed to slip off and hide, thanks to the darkness, and to catch the train as it resumed its journey. The train crew, given a little money, helped him and in the morning he slipped into a toilet with his bag and changed his clothes. At Sofia he emerged in a linen suit and panama hat and passed without difficulty through the police cordon. He immediately went to police headquarters and told the whole story, to the chief's amusement.

In Sofia Reed and Robinson met again. They had hoped to get out to the British fleet and Reed had even had some idea of disguising himself as a melon-seller, but once more their plans were blocked. They were not sorry, however, that they had come to Sofia, for they soon realized that Reed's postcard prophecy was about to be fulfilled. Reed liked the Bulgarians, friendly, honest people, and he liked Sofia, so different in its simple practicality from the pretentiousness of Bucharest. There seemed to be no rich people, and the peasants, farming their land communally, appeared prosperous and contented. And because he liked Bulgaria and the Bulgarians, he hated to see the country drawn, against the expressed will of the people, into the war. Seven out of the thirteen political parties, representing a majority of the population, registered their disapproval of an alliance with Germany and demanded the calling of parliament, but the king, his ministers and the military authorities delayed until they were ready to decree mobilization and suppress opposition. Both the Allies and the Central Powers had offered territory and loans, but the Germans had offered more.

Well-informed correspondents warned Reed and Robinson that they had better leave Sofia. They went to Nish in Serbia, where everyone doubted their statement that Bulgaria was on the verge of mobilization and war, but two days later the decree was issued. They had expected a warm welcome in Serbia, but Reed's account of their observations of five months before had already appeared and the sensitive Serbs detected a note of mockery. Reed was informed that he would probably be expelled when hostilities commenced and in any case he was weary of the Balkans. He and Robinson went to Salonika, where there were no more rumors than usual and they decided to take a ship for Italy and home.

In his ironic preface to the collection of his Metropolitan articles, "The War in Eastern Europe," Reed recorded the disappointments of the expedition. They had planned to spend three months and they were gone nearly seven. They missed Italy's entrance into the war and they saw no fighting in the Dardanelles. They arrived in Serbia just after one Austrian drive and left just before another. They had expected to see a great Russian advance and instead they were in Russia at the time of, but were not permitted to see, a great Russian retreat. But, though Reed liked the personal excitement of active warfare and knew that his reputation as a war correspondent depended on his reporting of battles, their experience had not been unenlightening. "It was our luck everywhere," he wrote, "to arrive during a comparative lull in the hostilities. And for that very reason, perhaps, we were better able to observe the more normal life of the eastern nations, under the steady strain of long drawn-out warfare. In the excitement of sudden invasion, desperate resistance, capture and destruction of cities, men seem to lose their distinctive personal or racial flavor, and become alike in the mad democracy of battle. As we saw them, they had settled down to war as a business, had begun to adjust themselves to this new way of life and to talk and think of other things."

"War is a business!" It was that, above all else, that Reed could not tolerate. It was bad enough for men to kill each other, but that murder should become a habit made one despair for civilization. John Reed liked people. He enjoyed meeting the men and women of all nations and all classes. He thought well, by and large, of the human race. And war, despite individual instances of courage or generosity, systematically crushed the finer human qualities. For the sake of the profits of a few—and that view of the war was not a dogma from a book but a simple fact verified again and again—millions of men were not merely sacrificing their own lives and taking the lives of others but surrendering everything that gave life value. He came back from the Eastern Front, as he had come back from the Western, saying, "This is not our war."

Another section of Granville Hicks' book on John Reed will appear in an early issue.

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Correspondence

Political and Labor Bail Fund

To The New Masses:

With the lines of reaction tightening against champions of organized labor and oppressed minorities, and against opponents of war and fascism, the sponsors of the political and Labor Bail Fund began a campaign today to obtain loan deposits totaling $100,000. This money is needed to make sure that the Fund can take care of all calls for services in the critical times which loom ahead.

"Since the Fund was established in March," said Miss Schulkind, the secretary, "it has advanced as bail sums totaling $9,275 on behalf of 19 prisoners upon application of nine political organizations and labor unions. Not a single default has occurred.

"We provide bail for persons arrested because of their participation in a political, economic or social struggle, because of their efforts in behalf of downtrodden minorities; because of their beliefs; or because of their efforts in behalf of the working class and against war and fascism.

"In almost every case the prisoners were freed without having to serve a jail sentence. If it had not been for the Fund, most of them would have been held in jail awaiting trial."

Three types of contributions are asked by the sponsors: (1) Money lent to the Bail fund, repayable on 60 days' notice. These sums are invested in Liberty Bonds or U. S. Securities. (2) Loans or gifts to the reserve fund, which is kept as a safeguard in the event of forfeiture of bail in any single case; the reserve fund must always amount to at least 5 percent of the bail in use. (3) Gifts to the administrative fund, because no part of the other two funds can be used for this purpose.

Political and Labor Bail Fund.
104 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

Lawyers in U. S. S. R.

To The New Masses:

Having recently returned from the U.S.S.R. and looking over the Summer's issues of The New Masses, I was surprised to find a column headed "The Lawyers Are Doomed." Earl Browder states: "Certainly there will be no use for lawyers, as such, under Socialism. . . . For the lawyers, we can only promise the opportunity of re-education to become useful citizens in some other capacity. . . . It is a doomed profession."

In Moscow this fall I learned that workers are nominated and elected from the factories to serve as assistants to judges in the courts. They spend three to six months studying the Soviet laws, etc. Others further qualify themselves by study at the university under the law faculty. Those who qualify, after having served as lawyers and assistants, are nominated by the factories to function as judges. After such service, workers who wish to return to their former occupations are at liberty to do so. Others who wish to continue in the courts, if they are qualified, are permitted to continue as jurists.

From the Chief Judge of the Moscow City Court of Appeals I learned that seventy percent of the jurists today in the Soviet Union were jurists before 1917.

So that, while under Communism very likely there will be no need for lawyers, in the Building of Communism the lawyers have an important task in consolidating the gains of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat.

A. R. R.

The Case of Anna Lyons

To The New Masses:

The following brief facts will give the general background which existed in the Emergency Relief Bureau, and will throw a clearer light on the facts of Miss Anna Lyons' dismissal.

About one hundred and twenty-five thousand heads of home-relief families were transferred to W.P.A. projects during the past ten weeks. Because of the reduction in the case load resulting from this transfer, the E.R.B. administration reduced the size of the staff by 1,300 workers. Thus jeopardizing the adequate, efficient and humane administration of relief.

Thirty thousand applications for relief were held up for two weeks because of lack of personnel and funds. This bears witness to the justice of the A.W.P.R.A. position that a full and adequate staff be retained and that the administration's policy was unwarranted and unjustified.

Following the campaign of the Association against dismissals the administration instituted a series of intimidatory acts, such as removal of bulletin boards, limiting staff meetings, "gag memo" and now the dismissal of Miss Lyons, a leader of the A.W.P.R.A.

Executive Board A. W. P. R. A.
New York City.

Letters in Brief

To answer the conspiracy charge brought against strikers at May's Department Store and to gain support for the strikers, we are informed, the Department Store Employes Union, Local 1250, will hold a mass meeting at Odd Fellows Hall, 301 Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn, on Monday, Dec. 16, at 8:30 P. M. Speakers will include Heywood Broun; Ted Poston, city editor of The Amsterdam News, now on strike; Rabbi Ben Goldstein; Clarina Michelson; the Rev. David M. Cory and Sidney E. Cohn.

Paula Kapler writes, "As a musician I would like to know where are the proletarian musicians and composers?" She feels that the organization of musicians has been neglected and urges that a periodical for revolutionary musicians and music lovers be published.

Two full-time training schools, in Marxist-Leninist theory, two evening training schools and regional and sectional schools are being planned. The fund raising is in charge of A. Markoff, treasurer, Training School Commission, 35 East 12th Street, New York.

The I.L.D. writes that Edward Drolette, young American seaman who participated in the anti-Nazi demonstration on the Bremen last August, will be tried on violation of the Sullivan Law and assault on December 23. They ask that all interested in the fight against fascism and the defense of Drolette get in touch with the defense committee, 22 East 17th Street, New York.

The National Student League informs us that it has been banished from the University of Chicago campus. America's so-called most "liberal" major university withdrew recognition of the N.S.L. on grounds of "lack of cooperation"; the N.S.L. attributes the action to the administration's resentment against the N.S.L.'s recent fight for academic freedom.

Pioneer Youth, 219 West 29th Street, N. Y. C., appeals for toys, books, dolls, games and serviceable clothing for the miners' children in West Virginia. "We no longer give away presents indiscriminately," they write. "A few days before Christmas we run a toy sale for townspeople. Nothing costs over 25 cents. Many things are cheaper. It's more self-respecting and the clubs make a little money."

The Philadelphia Workers School writes that it must move to larger and better quarters. They have launched a drive to enroll contributing members. Those interested should communicate with H. Dieter, 62 North 8th Street, Philadelphia.

The League of Women Shoppers, 258 Fifth Avenue, New York, invites support in its attempt to use its "purchasing power, collectively, to improve working conditions." The League investigates strike situations thoroughly and then, if the situation justifies it, they give their support in every possible way —by protests, meetings, speakers, picket lines, etc.

The Amsterdam News strikers in Harlem inform us that they will conduct a mass picket line this coming week. They ask for sympathizers to join in the demonstration.

Walter Ufer writes from Taos, N. M., "Every cartoon, every drawing in your December 3 number is well chosen. Gropper has more art sense, art feeling in his left-hand vest pocket than most artists get in a lifetime. . . . And Stephen Alexander is no slouch as an art critic. I consider him the best in the country."

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

A New Magazine

IN THE nineteen-twenties most little magazines were creedless. Their contents were not held together by a basic point of view. Like the earlier Little Review, they were simply montgomery-ward catalogs of contemporary writing. "Rebels and reactionaries rub shoulders amiably and in perfect harmony in our magazine," ran the ad of one of these journals, which published work by "youngsters or greybeards, regardless of school, influence or tradition." The Dial modeled its literary garments after the latest European fashion plates, while Broom announced itself as a "clearing house" for literature. Even the "tendency" magazines of the time—which generally championed the work of a particular school or a new generation—were very confused about fundamentals and shirked an open partisanship.

During 1933-34 a new flock of little magazines appeared. They were different in at least one important respect from most of their predecessors. They did not make a virtue of aimlessness. They followed in the tradition of THE NEW MASSES. They were openly revolutionary, left, partisan in their social outlook. These terms made up their titles and subtitles, and appeared in their manifestoes. Anvil, the first of these new magazines (if we except transition journals like Front and Left), announced that it was "going to try to present vital, vigorous material drawn from the farms, mines, mills, factories and offices of America." From the same section of the country came the lively Left Front, which called for poems and stories dealing "with the lives of the workers in the prairie farms, in the coal mines of Illinois, the iron mines of Minnesota, in the stockyards of Chicago." Partisan appeared from the Pacific Coast with an opening editorial—"Turn to the Left." From the east came the fiction magazine, Blast, and the poetry journal, Dynamo, which sought for verse that would "utter the deep social and class meaning of the turbulent days around us." Partisan Review, originally published as the organ of the New York John Reed Club, immediately took its stand against "the narrow-minded sectarian theories and practices" on the proletarian literary front.

This group of little magazines was largely the voice of a new literary generation. The young men of letters who wrote for these publications entered the literary scene just as the prosperity of the twenties was passing over the horizon. They were members of what one of them called the "depression" generation, as distinguished from the preceding "lost" generation, whose autobiography has been recorded in *Exile's Return*. The economic difference between these two groups was characterized in *You Can't Sleep Here*, one of the first novels of the new generation:

> This was not a lost generation. These young people had never found themselves. . . . We were the crisis generation who had never been absorbed into industry or the professions. . . . We had all the old problems. But we had also something new, the passing of economic security. We college and high school and public school graduates were certain of our economic future. The pile of lumber and cement under the billboards (to be used for building a shack in Hooverville) was (our) immediate economic future. The public comfort station down the block and left-over buns in the automat and hourly supervision by twirling bats were our certainties.

The literary aspects of this new generation were described by one of its literary critics, William Phillips, in an article published in Partisan Review:

> The latest literary generation may be called the proletarian generation, because it is the only unified group among the younger writers, and because most of its members are related in one way or another to the labor movement. . . . Besides, this generation is coming up at a time when the air is charged with discussions about proletarian literature, when the question is the axis of most significant writing today.

These new authors have appeared chiefly from two literary centers. One group from the Midwest has become associated with the Anvil, and includes Jack Conroy, Joseph Kalar, lumbermill poet, and H. H. Lewis, rhymester of the wheatfields. The other group has centered around Partisan Review, and includes Kenneth Fearing, Ben Field, Alfred Hayes, Edwin Rolfe, Philip Rahv and William Phillips.

However, this identification of the magazines with two geographic groups is false and misleading. For example, Nelson Algren, Meridel Le Sueur and Jack Balch, three of the best young story writers from the Midwest, are among the consistent contributors to Partisan Review, just as Saul Levitt, Harry Kermit and others, whose stories deal with New York life, are regular contributors to Anvil, while two of its three editors, Walter Snow and Clinton Simpson, are New Yorkers. The geographic antagonism in recent American letters between New York and America has seeped into proletarian literature, too. However, it is an artificial barrier, at least as far as the proletarian literary front is concerned. I do not think we have anything like a proletarian regionalism in American literature today. Although fiction writers like Jack Balch and Saul Levitt deal respectively with St. Louis and the Bronx, the underlying social motivation of both of them is the same, and it links them as members of one literary school.

Indeed, even the antagonism between generations does not seem to mean very much in proletarian literature. Instead of generations opposing each other — the familiar fathers-and-children complex in literature—the old groupings have split; more and more of their members have learned that the essential difference is not of schools or generations but of classes. Thus men of letters like James T. Farrell, Erskine Caldwell,

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Langston Hughes, Joseph Freeman, Samuel Putnam and many others have contributed regularly to Anvil and Partisan Review.

But while the ordinary conflicts seem to be absent, it must not be supposed that proletarian authors make up one happy family. As one of them writes, "there have been many differences and conflicts among us, based somewhat on individual gifts and temperament, but mainly on fundamental theoretical and even class differences."

One of these conflicting currents in revolutionary literature was attacked from the very start in the pages of Partisan Review. In an editorial article, Rahv and Phillips characterized this tendency as "leftism":

> Though it has seldom been explicitly stated in literary theory, "leftism" is so widespread that at this time its salient features are easily recognized. Its zeal to steep literature overnight in the political program of Communism results in the attempt to force the reader's responses through a barrage of sloganized and inorganic writing. "Leftism," by tacking on political perspectives to awkward literary forms, drains literature of its more specific qualities. Unacquainted with the real experiences of workers, "leftism," in criticism and creation alike, hides behind a smoke-screen of verbal revolutionism. It distorts and vulgarizes the complexity of human nature, the motives of action and their expression in thought and feeling.

THESE literary differences within the proletarian literary movement have multiplied during 1935. Particularly since the Writers' Congress, men and women of letters representing every group in American literature of the past several decades, have joined with the proletarian writers against fascism. The attack upon art in Nazi Germany has drawn together authors of diverse political and literary beliefs for the defense of culture. If the recently-published volume on the American Writers' Congress indicates the beginning of the change from a proletarian to an anti-fascist cultural front in this country, then the new anthology of *Proletarian Literature in the United States* is a record of the "crisis" period in American revolutionary literature that has just ended.

That volume, however, is an incomplete record. With the anthology belongs THE NEW MASSES, the thirteen issues of Anvil and the nine numbers of Partisan Review, especially with regard to the short story. If we added some of the contributions in the Short Story Number of THE NEW MASSES to the best stories in the other two magazines, the result would be an excellent companion volume to the proletarian anthology; and it would include the work of many of the new writers, whose best stories could not be squeezed into the first volume, although they deserved to be.

The change in the cultural front signalized by the Writers' Congress was reflected in the pages of Anvil and Partisan Review, apparently the only survivors of the little magazine movement of several years ago. Partisan Review No. 7 was devoted entirely to Congress discussion, and contained many dissenting viewpoints on revolutionary criticism, fiction and poetry. Recent issues of both magazines also stressed the widening of the audience of revolutionary writing in this country, and pointed to the necessity of issuing a larger, broader and more regular publication. This finally resulted in the combination of the two magazines and the plan for the publication of a new literary monthly, to appear early in 1936.

As a literary monthly, the new magazine will publish short novels, stories and selections from unpublished books of fiction by new and old American and European authors; groups of poems and long poems by American, English, German, French and Russian writers; sketches by workers and literary reportage by European masters of this type of writing; literary letters from foreign countries as well as criticism by the leading revolutionary critics. The new magazine will continue to seek out and publish unprinted authors, including the first efforts of workers from the farms and factories.

The new publication has the support of older writers as well as of the younger generation.

Of such a project, Waldo Frank writes:

> A literary magazine, such as you project—a magazine, that is, primarily cultural, with revolutionary premises, but free of the dogmas and rigidities of political strategy—is profoundly needed in this country. It can do a great work, provided its editors reveal a creative and experimental vision, and allow it to be obscured by no exigencies of the moment: a great work in that cultural preparation for social-economic change, without which social-economic change miscarries.

Malcolm Cowley salutes the new venture in the following manner:

> I'm glad to hear the Partisan Review
> Will soon appear in an almost wholly new
> Format, combined with the fiction-flaunting Anvil
> And print young writers, so people will know
> that Granville
> H. and Isidor S. and Michael G.
> Joe F. and Robert F. and Robert C.
> And other of us graybeards aren't the only
> Prose proletarian pundits, and the lonely
> Young poets won't be lonely any longer
> And stories can be shorter, sharper and stronger
> And critics lay a heavier barrage
> And all reporting can be reportage
> And talent flourish, and in short I mean
> Hurrah, Red Front, hats off to your new magazine.
>
> ALAN CALMER.

The Dilemma of the Middle Class

THE CRISIS OF THE MIDDLE CLASS, by Lewis Corey. Covici, Friede. $2.50.

AMERICAN middle-class people have seen their familiar world wrecked by the crisis. They have lost their jobs, their savings, their homes. In confusion and distress they have turned to one false prophet after the other, hoping that he would lead them around the corner to prosperity. The middle classes were set into motion by the crisis. They are approaching the crossroads of their destiny. Their choice of direction, either left or right, will play an important part in determining the immediate future of the American people.

If they are not to be duped by unscrupulous fascist demagogues fishing in the troubled waters of middle-class discontent, then the members of the petty bourgeoisie must understand just what has happened to them. For without a clear understanding of their problems they will not know how to overcome their present difficulties, and how to choose the true road that leads to the security that they seek so desperately.

In Lewis Corey's latest book they will find an accurate explanation of their hopeless plight. It will enable them to get rid of many false notions that now block their union with the workers in a common front for economic betterment and against fascist reaction. They will discover what forces and people are really responsible for their declining economic position. The book will show the middle classes exactly where they stand in present-day American society and what prospects are in store for them. Thus the book ought to help convince the vacillating ones that to support fascism means putting themselves completely at the mercy of the very reactionary forces which are responsible for their economic and social disintegration.

One of the high points of Mr. Corey's contribution is that it provides a factual verification of the Marxist analysis of the character and role of middle-class groups during the epoch of capitalist decay. The fundamental social laws of Marxism are shown to give the only sound explanation of the economic and social changes taking place in this country. He effectively disproves the nonsense peddled by certain intellectuals with personal axes to grind that the Marxist point of view does not hold true for the American scene. As in all countries, there are peculiarities in American society, but in treating some of them he proves that they fit into the general scheme of the Marxian analysis of capitalism.

Mr. Corey shows that the middle class does not and cannot exist as a homogeneous social unit. It is composed of groups drawing their incomes from small ownership—the little enterprisers who constitute the traditional petty bourgeoisie. But it also includes groups who sell special skills to the capitalists. They are the "new" middle-class groups of salaried technicians, managers, personnel directors, etc., who are a social by-product of monopoly capitalism. These new groups have displaced the small enterprisers as the most important section of the middle class since the crushing of the independents by the monopolies.

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This change in the composition of the middle class has important social and political implications. At first the new salaried groups identified their interests with monopoly capitalism. They did not join in the fight of the independents against the trusts, since the latter created their jobs and gave them the possibility of advancing up the economic and social ladder. But when the crisis hit them, these salaried groups began to realize that their interests did not dovetail with those of the big capitalists. They found themselves sacrificed to increase profits. They began to understand that like workers they were completely dependent upon Big Ownership for a chance to earn a livelihood, a chance that was withdrawn when it interfered with profit-making. The skilled salaried employes were not subject to speedup, salary cuts, technological unemployment and other blessings of capitalism that formerly were more exclusively reserved for the workers. The new middle-class groups who used to snub the working class now found themselves being rapidly proletarianized.

With a wealth of statistical material Mr. Corey shows that these middle-class people are "propertyless." They are the natural allies of the working class which also has no property. This section of the middle class is "property conscious," and has as Mr. Corey calls it, a bias for rights of ownership. But why demand property rights when you have no property of your own to defend? he asks them. When Big Ownership appeals to these people to rise in defense of property, it is merely using their illusion of sharing in this ownership to pull its own irons out of the fire.

Unfortunately, through the use of unprecise terminology, Mr. Corey does not make this important point clear to the reader. When he says that the great majority of the middle class is propertyless he means that they do not own the means of production. The factories, mines, mills, all the instruments of production, are in the hands of a small number of capitalists. However, middle-class people and the higher-paid workers own homes (even though they are plastered with mortgages), they own autos and other personal property. The amount of this personal property grows smaller as the crisis drives the middle classes into greater ruin. But it is precisely at this sore point that fascist demagogues appeal to the prejudices of the petty bourgeoisie by playing on this confusion of small personal property with ownership of the means of production. It is a bromide by now that what is needed is the socialization of the instruments of production and not common ownership of toothbrushes. Nevertheless, the fascist ideologue frightens the small salaried employe by telling him that radicals want to take his pipe, his garden, his wife. The consequences that flow from confusing personal property with capital ownership are of tremendous importance.

There is a wide gulf between the mass of these propertyless members of the middle class, on the one hand and the small manufacturer and higher-salaried personnel, on the other. The majority of the small exploiters, seeking to stave off inevitable doom, support fascism and its policy of organizing capitalist decay in the hope of survival. They have utopian dreams of a return to small property, forgetting as Mr. Corey aptly points out, that under capitalism small capital breeds bigger and bigger capital. The little exploiter tries to gain concessions from his big rivals by offering to join them in a drive against labor. The higher paid personnel in big business have even more intimate connections with Big Ownership. Most of them are the capitalist planners, the "efficiency experts," the apologists of restricted production, the leaders of the storm troops of reaction.

It is because the various groups composing the middle class have antagonistic economic aims that a unified middle stratum does not and cannot exist. Their vacillating character is due to this disunity of aim and class connections. The upper layers of the petty bourgeoisie contact the big capitalists and are their main social and political props. The lower layers are being proletarianized and thrust down into the ranks of the working class. They have little or no property to defend and their interests dovetail with those of the workers.

Mr. Corey thus concludes that the middle class is "a mere aggregation of intermediate groups, whose fundamental interests are not identical." Having no clearly-defined class interests such as the workers possess, the petty bourgeoisie are incapable of carrying out decisive actions that would enable them to impose their rule upon society. Their revolt against capitalism must therefore take place either within the orbit of reaction or of labor. This role is their historic destiny and is the key to what they can do in the fight against capitalism. It is clear, then, why the ruling class deliberately overemphasizes the size and importance of the lower middle classes. The big bourgeoisie comprising less than one percent of the gainfully employed are too small a group to uphold their rule without the aid of other strata of the population. Hence they overstress the importance of the lower middle class in order to win them as allies. Mr. Corey shows that the working class today constitutes 75 percent of the gainfully employed, an overwhelming majority. It is not torn asunder by the irreconcilable conflicts that plague the other classes in capitalist society. It is the workers, the most homogeneous and important class, who must be the spearhead in any successful combat against capitalism.

The arguments of the Chases and the Binghams, who claim that it is the middle class that must lead the attack against the big bourgeoisie, are completely refuted by Mr. Corey. You cannot abolish the class struggle or the working class by invoking the image of a mythical public. Such appeals only play into the hands of the Hearsts and the Liberty Leaguers. It is to the advantage of these organizers of American fascism to pose as non-class or super-class representatives. Thus they can pretend to be opposed to the "selfish class interests" of radicals and progressives. No anti-fascist movement can hope to defeat fascist reaction unless it recognizes the leading role of labor.

To defeat the fascist danger there must be unity between labor and the lower middle-class groups. They have common interests and common goals. Yet these middle classers feel themselves superior to the manual worker, and have in the past displayed open hostility to labor. These snobbish feelings are utilized by fascist demagogues who try to convince the lower middle classes that their white collars have been soiled, not by capitalism, but by labor. If the middle-class person should

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sell himself to big business as an anti-labor storm trooper, he will soon find that fascism destroys not only the rights of labor, but proceeds to destroy the rights of the salaried employe and small professional. As in Germany and Italy the destruction of the trade unions would be accompanied by the destruction of all independent organizations including those of the middle class.

Fascism has nothing to offer to the poor and middle farmer, the small salaried employe, the impoverished professional, the petty shopkeeper, all the lower sections of the American middle class. They are in acute distress and fascism seeks to turn their discontent against their own fundamental interests by mobilizing them against labor. In fighting against labor they would fight against everything that they themselves have struggled for all their lives: economic security, participation in cultural activity, peace and progress. For the success of fascism means the destruction of all of these middle-class ideals.

It is at this point that Mr. Corey makes one of his most important contributions. He traces the history of the American middle class—its struggle for a society of small property owners and enterprisers, and its crushing defeat by the trusts and the financial oligarchy. He reminds them of their revolutionary past and traditions, how they transformed economic and political grievances into revolutionary struggles and drove on to independence. They utilized demonstrations and boycotts, exactly the forms of mass action so distasteful to the property patriots of today. They boldly declared that "whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends (life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness) it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it."

The lower middle classes must unite with the workers and conduct actions that are in line with the best revolutionary traditions of American history. The only chance of survival for the so-called small man is to break the chains of the capitalist relations that frustrate and enslave him, and go forward to the establishment of a new social order. These actions will take place under different conditions than those that prevailed in 1776. The middle-class people will be fighting for a different goal. But they can only be true to their revolutionary traditions and their old ideals of progress, democratic rights and liberty, if they ally themselves with the workers against their common enemy — capitalism.

Many middle-class people are still unconvinced of this. They point to the present lack of unity within the ranks of labor as proof that the middle class must look elsewhere for allies. The answer to this is a broad Farmer-Labor Party, a coalition party of workers, poor and middle farmers, and the masses of urban middle classers. Such a political party would be the practical expression of an alliance which would enable lower middle-class people to fight for their own interests and with the workers achieve the common goal of defeating the advance of fascism in the United States. The workers are forging the unity of labor and therefore offer an alliance that will be of immediate benefit.

About such important tactical problems Mr. Corey is silent, usually mentioning them only in a footnote. But the whole line of the book leads to the fundamental question: what are middle-class people to do? and he fails to give a programmatic or a reassuring answer. There are other shortcomings in the book. For instance, Mr. Corey fails to define the middle class with any degree of exactness. Thus in one place he incorrectly lumps clerical workers with the middle-class groups. At another place he contradicts himself and goes to great lengths to prove that they are really members of the working class. He continues as in his previous book to attribute the decline of capitalism to a mysterious exhaustion of so-called long-time factors of expansion. And in his treatment of fascism he makes some curious points that do not make for clarity.

But these are errors that do not lessen the value and wide appeal of the book for middle-class audiences. Mr. Corey has made many valuable contributions to the discussion of middle-class problems. The conclusions can be made broader and sharper by further discussion and above all they must be linked with the practical program of a farmer-labor party.

It should be emphasized that here is a book that you should get at once and one that you should persuade all of your middle class acquaintances to read.

DAVID RAMSEY.

The Eye and the Mind

COMRADE GULLIVER, by Hugo Gellert. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

FOR years the dominant impulse behind the work of nine out of ten of our artists has been a decorative impulse. This is true both of the purveyors of simple rhythms in line and color and of those who, eschewing decoration as such, concern themselves with representing life or rendering form. In either case the prime aim is to call forth in the audience a sensation of beauty. This may be superficial or it may be profound, it may be obvious or obscure, but the differences are of degree and not of kind. Because of this domination, it is the rare artist today who does not find himself in a dead-end street, struggling with the surface of his time, bewildered by an onrushing world. Hugo Gellert is one of the rare ones. Long ago he found the one road that today can save the artist from the dead-end street: the will to understand the central fact of the life about us, the impulse to express that understanding, the conviction that in that expression lies one of the means of changing the world.

Anyone who builds on this foundation soon finds that the old vessels do not always hold the new fire well. He is faced before long with the necessity of developing new forms to work in, forms better suited to the expression of the life of our times and capable of reaching larger numbers of people. The picture book is such a form.

As a modern medium it is still young. On the technical side much more progress has been made in its use for children, but there are enough examples of its powers of communication for an adult audience to enable us to see that as it emerges it has definite characteristics. It is not to be confused with the illustrated book or the book of drawings or photographs done spasmodically on random themes, then edited, reproduced and printed together. It requires judgment by its own standards and not by standards that may apply to prose or picture separately.

Comrade Gulliver is the most important picture book that our country has produced. This is a measured estimate and stands despite some defects which cause the book to fall short of what it might have been.

Its importance rests on three things. First, it encompasses what is by any man's standards a major theme. At a time when the whole of the capitalist world festers and erupts in a multitude of places and manners, the easier thing to do is to take a corner and stick to it. But Hugo Gellert has made a flank attack. He says in effect "Insanity can only be recognized through the eyes of the sane." And so he finds that the great Gulliver had a great grandson born and bred in

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the Soviet Union, who makes a voyage of discovery and inspection to the United States and is astonished and confounded at the things that are taken for granted here in the relations of men to men. The record of this visit thus becomes a record of our time and its travail: the incredible juxtapositions of poverty and plenty, the full measures of greed and cruelty and on the other side, the growing power of those with the will to life. There is the outline and it is filled in with a range of material that will amaze you in so short a book.

Second, the theme is realized by the use of the very essence of the picture-book form. The attack comes with alternate blows of the word, the picture, the word, the picture. (People who look at the pictures first and then go back and read the text are going to miss something and not know why.) The fibre of the book is in these interweavings, in the penetration of one by the other, in the completion of one by the other. The word does something to the picture, makes it more than what it is by itself; the picture increases the significance and effect of the text. You can't take one away and have left more than a very small fraction of the whole. Gellert has sensed this relation even more here than in his *Capital.* He has given over to the text those things for which it is best fitted: the recording of the flow of time and space, the accumulation of factual detail, the reporting of actions and conversations. The drawings contribute the intensification of the action into the unforgettable image or symbol and by selection and exaggeration give significance to the detail. To me the one point of question as regards basic structure lies in the difference in points of view behind the text and drawings. The words are Comrade Gulliver talking and the drawings are Gellert seeing; or to put it another way, the text is first-person singular and the drawings are third-person straight. The strength of the interplay between the two would have been greater had the text been third person as well. Occasionally, too, the visual side seems a bit fragmentary, the unit to have not quite enough meat in it. But if this is a fault, it is because Gellert intended that they should be in certain instances fragments, not that he tried to make them more and failed.

Finally, the book is from every angle a completely honest statement. It is this that places it so far above the first few comparable books that come to your mind. There is no fuss and no floss, no recourse to trick phrases or trick techniques. It has the ripened power of the artist and the deep conviction of the man. It points the way for other artists—and for other men.

LYND WARD.

[Classified Advertising *in the* NEW MASSES Pays—]

The Theater

No Tears For the Virgins

IT WAS all very tragic, with those little human touches of comedy and farce that lighten up even the pathetic lives of the "poor." But in the end, everything went wrong and the audience filed out of the theater, having been instructed in the psychology of the working class. Nellise Child's play, *Weep for the Virgins,* didn't suffer from the production: the Group Theater did a good job, the sets were admirable, the acting always adequate and in the case of Evelyn Varden cast as the fantastic mother of three lost virgins, truly excellent. But something was wrong. Miss Child, the playwright, sat down to picture working-class life. The locale is a bedraggled house in San Diego, just behind a fish cannery. At frequent intervals throughout the play the cannery whistle blows and the characters remark about it and I suppose the intention is to build up an atmosphere of dread and a sense of impending doom like the drums in *Emperor Jones.* That's as close to the factory as the audience ever gets. True, the characters have a hard time earning enough money to realize their ambitions and life is hard and here the psychology comes in.

For psychology is the basis of the play. Miss Child had a pretty valid idea. Screen magazines, the radio, the movies have given many Americans a false hope of romantic success. The mother of the three Jobes virgins has built her life on this illusion: her daughters must "amount to something," must have careers and fine marriages. And the girls blindly accept their mother's ambitions. Each yearns for money, for fame, for escape. A good idea—but *Weep for the Virgins* does no more than state it.

The action is in good old feature-picture style. The oldest girl, in order to earn more money than she can make at the cannery, takes a job in a dive. The first evening she meets a sailor, looks at him, drinks a cocktail or two, passes out, wakes up in a hotel with the sailor and finds she has fallen in love. He goes to Hawaii—she renounces him because she feels she must stick to the family. The baby arrives and there's scandal at home. The second daughter tries stealing as a solution, nearly murders a man and runs away with the police after her. The third, at sixteen, diets so that she can become a dancer. A neighborly carpenter, age fifty or so, tempts her with food and persuades her to marry him. She discovers her mistake too late.

It all goes to prove that false ideals ruin the American proletariat. Miss Child has been quoted in the press: "I'm just a trade unionist, that's all." But though the characters live behind a fish cannery, it never occurs to them or to anyone in the community to consider that trade unions might improve their economic position. Of course,

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the good, honest fisher boy in love with the second daughter orates on a realistic fight against conditions. That's the trade-union contribution. The rest is romantic psychological nonsense. And it is particularly nonsensical when placed in San Diego—as *Weep for the Virgins* is placed—where the repercussions of the maritime strike have influenced workers on the waterfront up and down the Pacific Coast. I'm not trying to make a case for plays dealing solely with strikes. But certainly *Weep for the Virgins* is about as untrue a picture of American working-class life as can be found. How the Group Theater ever fell for the play is a question the Group Theater alone can answer.

BRUCE MINTON.

A Spoonful of History

THE sudden and tragic conclusion to the career of Charles Stewart Parnell constitutes one of the most bitter episodes in the history of the Irish people. Descended from a land-owning family of Irish patriots and largely motivated by his hatred and distrust of the English oppressors, Parnell, as a young man, entered the House of Commons from an Irish constituency, an economic and political illiterate. Quickly he learned that the English treated Irish M.P.s with contemptuous disregard. He sat quiet, learning the rules of the game he would have to play and his first move, which led to his rise, came when he rose one day to answer the English, who had characterized Irish martyrs as murderers, by throwing the gauntlet into their face. He rose to the position of Irish Leader and welded under his strong and dictatorial hand a unified Irish Party which went into the House of Commons to vote and act almost as a man. He pursued a policy of parliamentary maneuvering and obstructionism, backed with threats of extra-parliamentary action and he carried the Irish question into English politics by lining up the Irish vote in England. Thanks to his balance of power position, he held the fate of Prime Ministers in the hollow of his hand and did succeed to the extent of forcing Gladstone to have a Home Rule Bill read in the House. His political undoing came as a result of his intense and passionate love for Katie O'Shea, the wife of a profligate Irish renegade, Captain Willie O'Shea. When O'Shea treacherously sued for divorce, Parnell's private life was flung like mud across the tattle sheets and Gladstone was able to become a moralist and to refuse to deal with the Irish Party until they dismissed their leader. Parnell was willing to step down from his position of leadership if Gladstone would make terms and he pleaded and insisted with his lieutenants, eloquently asking them not to sell him cheaply. However, the Irish Party was split. Renegades like Tim Healy and genuine revolutionists like Michael Davitt, who wanted more democracy within the Irish Party than did Parnell, split with him and Ireland was torn by one of the most bitter and internecine political fights in its history. The split played into the hands of the Liberal Party, which had previously jailed Irish patriots and revolutionists and the Liberals were able to play the role of English capitalism with a more successful hand. Divide and conquer served as a policy for a longer period.

Parnell died tragically, fighting to the last. His faith in his power and prestige with the Irish people was shattered when elections went to his opponents. The clergy rose against him and played their contemptible role in Irish life and they were a powerful factor in his undoing. At one time, previous to this fiasco, Michael Davitt outlined a probable lineup for an Irish Parliament, were it granted under a Home Rule Bill. And in his prognostication, he suggested that there would be a National Conservative Party under the leadership of Parnell. Parnell was a bourgeois nationalist revolutionary, himself a landowner, a man with a quiet and resolute will and power, a keen intelligence, completely courageous. His role was a progressive one, largely because of the circumstances of the political struggles in which he was engaged. And his demise left a lasting bitterness in Ireland.

Here is material for a real drama, a moving and powerful tragedy. And how does this material fare under the hands of the late Elsie Schauffler in the play now running and merrily attracting the mink, fur and swallow-tail trade? The basic weakness of the play comes from the fact that the author, the director and the producers are all, apparently, political illiterates. As a result the love element, the background of the English drawing room, Victorian costumes, expensive sets are all used in place of the political elements of the drama. The author sticks closely to the historical outlines of the story until the last scene, when Parnell, in order to permit an itchingly sad ending, dies prematurely in the arms of Katie O'Shea. There are two scenes in the play that are respectable, the last two, and one of these presents a meeting in a committee room when Parnell's lieutenants rise against him and disregard his pleas, "Don't sell me cheap." But two scenes do not make a play. As a result, we get a love story borrowing the prestige of history. In addition, we have it produced by two young men from Harvard who went all the way to England to obtain a leading man whose voice, whose total characterization makes a strong man into a weakling, and an English actress to play Katie O'Shea with nice clothes and a lovely voice. The result is that we have a play which will enable the mink, fur and swallow-tail trade to think they are witnessing tragedy and seeing history in an English drawing room. All that can be said of *Parnell* is that it is an inexcusable bore.

JAMES T. FARRELL.

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Why I Am Not a Fascist

ROBERT FORSYTHE

THE most persistent delusion among our bourgeois friends is that when you are once a member of the proletarian clan, anything goes. Writing with tears in my eyes, I can tell you this is not so. A casual survey will reveal that the so-called editor of the satiric anti-fascist number of THE NEW MASSES is back as usual among the want ads. It happened in the friendliest way. The other members of the editorial board looked with some apprehension at the humorous contribution I had submitted and suggested that I might be happier doing my customary movie stuff. There was a mumbled attempt by one of the kinder members to break the blow by saying that it would be an injustice to my regular audience to deprive them of cinema news for a week, but this was not joined in by the others. They were too busy throwing contributions into the waste basket to bother about my heart.

However, it was this circumstance which allowed me to get a clear focus on what fascism would mean to America. I have followed attentively the course of the disease elsewhere and have read such books as Karl Billinger's *Fatherland* and Sinclair Lewis' *It Can't Happen Here,* but it was only when I saw the Marx Brothers at the Capitol Theater last Friday that the full horror of fascism overcame me.

I have been doing some quiet investigating and I find that the Marx boys are Jewish. Under any decent form of fascism or Naziism, the Marx Brothers would not be at the Capitol Theater. An adjustment would be made whereby the Marx Brothers in *A Night at the Opera* would be replaced by Mr. Putzy Hanfstaengl at the piano. The American people may desire this. Not having heard Putzy at the piano, I am no judge, but I should think that nothing the human race had done should entitle it to be treated in this fashion. If it is a question of deciding between fascism and the Marx Brothers, I shall have to take my stand with the three boys. It would probably be better if the gentlemen were of another race, but there is scarcely anything that can be done about it at this late day. Harpo, it is true, belongs to no race ever catalogued by science, but it is equally evident that he is no Aryan. An indication of what it means to be a Nazi can be had by imagining a staunch German audience sitting down to disapprove of the Marx Brothers in *A Night at the Opera.* The storm troopers stand in the aisles with their backs to the screen and with their eyes on the audience for the first sign of a break. Harpo gets tangled up in the back-stage curtain ropes at the Metropolitan Opera House during the course of *Il Trovatore;* Groucho hangs out of a front box insulting the top-hatted gentlemen in the orchestra seats below; Chico plays lustily in the orchestra. Harpo swings from rope to rope. As he comes down, the scenery goes up; as he goes up, the scenery comes down. Through all this the faithful Nazis are expected to sit and frown and hiss: *Verflüchte Juden!* Accursed Jews, my eye; heaven-blessed Jews; divinely-inspired Jews; great artists; public benefactors!

No, if this is what fascism means, fascism will have to get along without me. The case with Eddie Cantor is not quite so clear because Mr. Cantor has made the mistake of trifling with the radio. No comedian in his right mind should be found on the radio. Mr. Cantor on the screen or on the stage is superb and I will take no back talk on the matter. He needs space in which he can gallop. When on a dead lope, with his eyes rolling and his general attitude that of a fawn who is being pressed, he is also a genius and a Jew. The only comedian who belongs on the radio is Lou Holtz and then only for a few selected sequences. Mr. Holtz discoursing about his frauds is something to delight humanity. Mr. Jessel telephoning his mother is another tribute to sanity and the virtues of evolution.

Of course if the nation can get along without the Marx Brothers, I say let us have fascism tomorrow. I'll move out myself, but perhaps I can be missed. I hope only to save enough money from the debacle to buy the successive Marx pictures and retire to Tahiti. If there is some objection to this and it is a question of attending the educational courses in a fascist concentration camp, I want to be with the Marx boys. While resting between flagellations, we can get on with culture. If George Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind should be consigned to the same camp, it will be enough to make me vote for an American Hitler. If you have failed to get the idea by this time, I may say that I am excited about *A Night at the Opera* and I am now and forever a Jew-lover. They may be terrible people, but I can't get along without them. Ordinarily, this is more than a Scotsman would admit, but even a Scot under pressure can see the light.

America without the Jews—nonsense! Until I saw *Porgy and Bess,* I was ready to give up the American stage. With all its faults and despite the song which goes "I ain't got nothin'; I don't want nothin,'" (something like that), I was warmed by the whole business. That was by the Gershwin boys, George and Ira. The funniest stage

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show in town is *Boy Meets Girl* by Sam and Bella Spewack.

Well, Ham Fish making a speech is funny. I grant you that. Herbert Hoover breaking out into wisecracks is something to consider. But Ham and Herb together, as an act, couldn't begin to approach Willie and Eugene Howard. This is going to be a hell of a country under fascism. I'm warning the nation. You can get into these things without considering the consequences and then you're stuck. What you have is a President whose first name is Alf and any amusement program headed by Eddie Dowling. Instead of the Marx Brothers, you have a return of Mary Pickford with her friend God. After you have tried God, you are likely to wish that you had Harpo back chasing a dame from one end of a boat to another, complete with leers, ogles and compound depravity.

In any event, I Take My Stand. Where the Marx Bros. go, there go I. If they want to form a little organization of their own known as the White Shirts, with collars attached, I'm with them. If they retire, I retire. I offer it as a program for the country. At least as a warning. Pause a minute for thought, America, before allowing the operators to change reels.

Two Dostoyevskis

IF COLUMBIA PICTURES were wise they would not have risked comparison of their version of Dostoyevski's *Crime and Punishment,* directed by Josef von Sternberg, with the French version (Cinema de Paris), directed by Pierre Chenal. They might have obtained the American rights to *Crime et Chatiment* just as the 20th Century Productions did with the French version of *Les Miserables* and prevented its release.

To say that the von Sternberg film suffers by the comparison is to put it very gently. It isn't Dostoyevski, of course; but it isn't even decent showmanship. It is a pompous, self-conscious and false movie. The director has reduced the Dostoyevski novel to an unsuccessful second-rate detective film. The murder is unmotivated and Peter Lorre as Raskolnikof becomes a conventional killer who does away with an old hag. He goes around leaving all sorts of stupid clues. Porfiry as played by Edward Arnold is not the learned *jude d'instruction* who in Russia of 1865 combined the roles of police magistrate, Chief of Police and District Attorney, but a Hollywood version of the Inspector from Scotland Yard or a Washington G-Man.

Von Sternberg has attempted to "universalize" the story by costuming the characters in contemporary sartorial splendor and using contemporary sets with the advertising photographers' version of artistic lighting, thus localizing it as a pseudo-high-grade melodrama with a pat moralistic theme. In its superficiality it is surprisingly complete, even to the musical score, which is used uncreatively with no relation to the novel and consists of standard murder-mysterioso motifs with a spattering of Beethoven's *Fifth.* And Marian Marsh looks more like Marlene Dietrich in *The Devil is a Woman* than a St. Petersburg prostitute.

On the other hand *Crime et Chatiment* while it doesn't contribute anything new to the cinema is an honest attempt to transfer Dostoyevski's novel to the screen. In that it is certainly successful. Raskolnikof is the anarchistic student who is forced to leave his studies (in the von Sternberg version he graduates with honors) because of his extreme poverty; he is the Raskolnikof who plots the murder of the miserly money lender with great precision, suddenly loses his nerve when confronted by the sister of the murdered money lender and is compelled to kill her, too. (This second murder is eliminated in the American version.) Pierre Blanchar does a splendid job as the sickly wild-eyed student who "killed a vile noxious insect and an old pawnbroker woman, of use to no one! . . . Killing her was an atonement for forty sins. She was sucking the life out of the poor people."

This is no detective story and Harry Bauer as Porfiry is no wise detective. He is a "man of heart and conscience." He solves the crime because he understands Raskolnikof. Arthur Honegger has composed a brilliant musical score which Pierre Chenal has used to the greatest advantage to intensify the action. It is never the literal commentary of the score in the von Sternberg film.

As good as the French film is, it is regrettable that the French director failed to reproduce the social and physical aspects of St. Petersburg of 1865. The exterior sets strike the only false note in the film.

PETER ELLIS.

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Between Ourselves

WE HAVE just received the following letter and we are glad to throw a spotlight on it here:

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Within the past week the Theater Union has received a deluge of letters, telephone calls, and messages from friends, asking us to "do something" about Albert Bein's *Let Freedom Ring.* We are happy to announce that we have been doing something, and that on Tuesday Night, December 17, *Let Freedom Ring* will open in the Civic Repertory Theater, with its original company, under our management. Since we are taking over the production on short notice, we shall need every bit of support that the press, unions, organizations and individuals can give us. We urge all those who missed this fine play uptown to come to see it at once at Theater Union prices.

THE THEATER UNION.

Last week THE NEW MASSES urged the immediate revival of *Let Freedom Ring.* By rescuing the play, the Theater Union gives proof of its own alertness and does a great service to the many thousands who want to see a fine labor drama.

In response to many requests from readers we are reprinting in pamphlet form Robert Forsythe's article, "The World Gone Mad," which appeared last September 27 in THE NEW MASSES. An edition of 100,000 has been ordered, and the first supply will be in our hands within three or four days. The pamphlet will be put on sale at 2 cents a copy, and at a lower price when ordered in quantity. Readers who are able to take these pamphlets for distribution are asked to communicate with our business department.

The new magazine, combining Anvil and Partisan Review, of which Alan Calmer writes, will be published in January. The first number will contain contributions by John Dos Passos, Newton Arvin, Waldo Frank, Carl Van Doren, as well as hitherto unpublished authors. Calmer is one of the editors.

John L. Spivak's article next week continues his revelations about Fascist Italy. "Il Duce's Labor Racket," throws light on the character of labor "unions" in a fascist state, the story being told in an interview with the head of Mussolini's department for "unions."

Sales of THE NEW MASSES improve on newsstands when the magazine and the posters it furnishes dealers are prominently displayed. Readers are urged, when buying copies of THE NEW MASSES from newsdealers, to suggest that good display be given to the magazine, which will also help the newsdealers since they will increase their sales. Friends of the magazine are invited to write us of their efforts and successes along these lines.

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